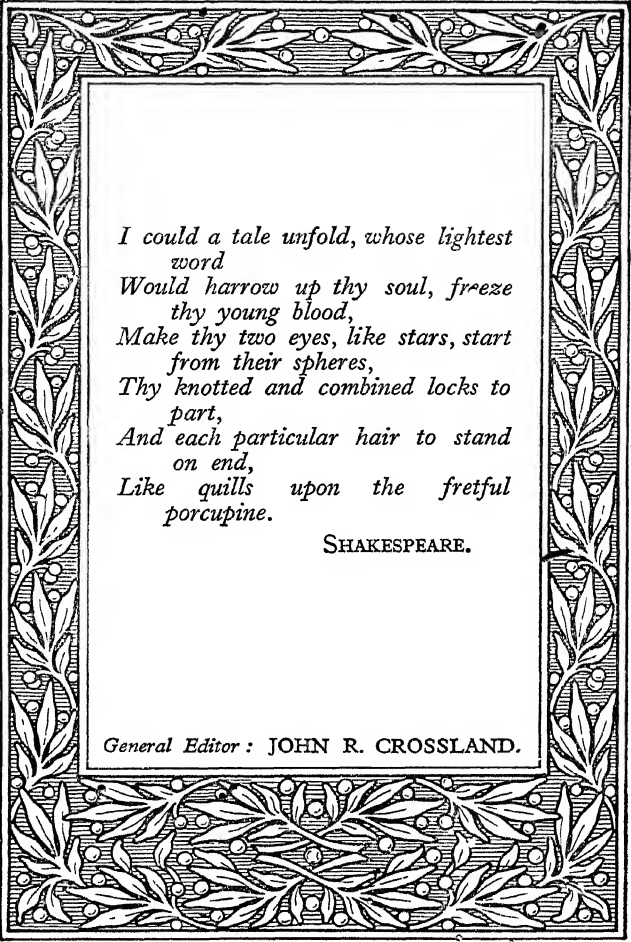


**BREATHLESS EPISODES FROM
FICTION**

Printed in Great Britain



*I could a tale unfold, whose lightest
word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze
thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start
from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to
part,
And each particular hair to stand
on end,
Like quills upon the fretful
porcupine.*

SHAKESPEARE.

General Editor : JOHN R. CROSSLAND.



THE LAUREL AND
GOLD SERIES



BREATHLESS
EPISODES
FROM
FICTION

Compiled by
P. E. HERRICK, B.A.

COLLINS
CLEAR-TYPE PRESS

Latest Reprint, November, 1984.

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	9
I. TAKEN FOR PIRATES— <i>The Farther Adventures of Robinson Crusoe</i> Daniel Defoe	13
II. THE CHAMPION— <i>Ivanhoe</i> Sir Walter Scott	26
III. THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN— <i>The Legend of Steepy Hollow</i> Washington Irving	43
IV. REPRIEVED— <i>Richelieu</i> G. P. R. James	56
V. THE AMPHITHEATRE— <i>The Last Days of Pompeii</i> E. G. E. Bulwer, Lord Lytton	70
VI. THE GALLEY-SLAVES— <i>Mr. Midshipman Easy</i> Captain Marryat	86
VII. THE PENDULUM— <i>The Pit and The Pendulum</i> E. A. Poe	191
VIII. THE LEECH OF FOLKESTONE— <i>Mrs. Botherby's Story, from "The Ingoldsby Legends"</i> R. H. Barham	115
IX. ATTACKED BY IROQUOIS— <i>The Pathfinder</i> J. Fenimore Cooper	131
X. THE BRIDGE OF MONTEREAU— <i>Tom Burke of "Ours"</i> C. J. Lever	150
XI. HOW AMYAS THREW HIS SWORD INTO THE SEA— <i>Westward Ho !</i> Charles Kingsley	164
XII. THE CONCIERGERIE, AND AFTER— <i>A Tale of Two Cities</i> Charles Dickens	178
XIII. BURIED TREASURE— <i>Tom Sawyer</i> Mark Twain	195
XIV. ISRAEL HANDS— <i>Treasure Island</i> Robert Louis Stevenson	209

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE thanks of the Publishers are due to Messrs. Chatto and Windus for an extract from *Tom Sawyer*, by Mark Twain, and to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne for a passage from *Treasure Island*, by Robert Louis Stevenson.

INTRODUCTION

HERE, for all who love adventure, is a bundle of samples from writers of the past. Samples they are and samples only, for the books of these men are treasure-stories of incident, of chivalry and gallantry, of danger and terror, of desperate deed and hair-breadth escape.

The individual who spends a few coppers on a tale of mystery or daring exploit, of school-life or weird invention, is perhaps following a natural and healthy instinct to fill the mind for the time being with accounts of happenings, probable or improbable, that lie outside every-day experience ; but it may be that few realise that many of these productions are merely based on incidents that occur in real literature. For example, in one such story the hero was doomed to death by the pressure of approaching walls much in the same way as in Poe's *The Pit and the Pendulum*. To be sure, the purchaser of the twopenny story has his excitement in a concentrated form, whereas in the novel that has lived for many a year the author prepares his reader for the climax by description of locality, development of character, and the hundred and one details and devices that make the book a work of art.

Let it not be imagined that the "blood and thunder" story is to be despised : on the contrary, the writer may as well confess that in his youth he read scores of them, and he believes that they have a very powerful influence in stirring the imagination. But when one takes up the real thing and begins to appreciate the difference, then the demand for the well-written story will grow, and the imitation will be regarded almost as a waste of time.

This, then, is an appeal to every one of you to read tales of adventure—if adventure you must have—tales written by men who knew how to write. Do not be discouraged by the first chapter or so, and do not make up your mind that the book is dull because of the preliminary obstacles. In a year or two you may take it up again (if you find it hard to read now) and wonder why you could have formed such an opinion.

Each of the extracts here reproduced is prefaced by a synopsis of the novel or tale from which it is taken ; after each is given a short account of the author. They are arranged approximately in the order in which they were published, commencing with a passage from the immortal *Robinson Crusoe* (1719). The bulk of the remainder are taken from the works of those novelists who flourished in the half-century that followed 1814, the year in which Scott's *Waverley* set a new fashion in literature and established the historical novel

in firm favour. The two final examples, from Mark Twain and Robert Louis Stevenson, are of a later date.

This little volume barely touches on the fringe of a great subject and will probably be distinguished chiefly for its sins of omission. The century between Defoe and Scott has been intentionally avoided, although Robert Pallock's *Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Indians* should certainly be read. Among the writers after Scott, the seeker after adventure and exciting incident should dip into the pages of William Harrison Ainsworth, should devour that best of all romances, Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Except for the brilliant historical novel, *Esmond*, Thackeray will probably appeal more to the maturer mind; but healthy thrills may be obtained from Wilkie Collins in *The Moonstone* and *The Woman in White*. Honest John Ridd in Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* is a hero whom all will love, and many have admired the screen exploits of Ben Hur.

As we get closer to the present day, we have more and more from which to choose. Our heroes perform their deeds of daring in more distant lands, modern science and invention add diversity and encourage the gift of prophecy, while the field is widened by the development of the detective novel. Of more modern writers it must suffice to mention Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope, Rider Haggard, Quiller-Couch, Joseph Conrad, Conan

Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, H. G. Wells, John Buchan, and the poet-laureate, John Masfield. They, perhaps, are the men whose works line your bookshelves, and they afford a rich and ample feast; but in your preference for modern things, do not forget the giants whose pioneer efforts in fiction have paved the way for the books you love.

P. E. H.

I

THE FARTHER ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

ALL who have read *Robinson Crusoe* will remember how the hero ran away to sea and was cast away on a desert island ; how, with the stores from the wreck, and by his own ingenuity, he lived there for twenty-eight years ; how he rescued Friday from the cannibals ; how eventually he saved a Spaniard and was taken from his island on a vessel whose captain he helped against a mutineering crew.

In the less familiar sequel we read that Crusoe returned to his island and found it inhabited by seventeen Spaniards and five Englishmen, who, after various quarrels and desperate encounters with cannibals, had settled down. Crusoe set sail, lost Friday in an attack on the ship by savages, and set out for the East Indies.

On reaching Bengal he was driven from the ship by his men, whom he had reproved for a murderous attack on natives of Madagascar. With a new partner he undertook new voyages and then bought the ship which is the subject of the present incident. After another escape in the bay of Tonquin he reached China, where, learning that he was still in danger, he sold the ship and proceeded inland. He joined a caravan, travelled through Siberia, and, escaping various attacks from Tartars and Kalmucks, reached

Archangel, whence he sailed to Hamburg. After realising his goods, he returned to England to live in retirement at the age of seventy-two.

TAKEN FOR PIRATES

A LITTLE while after this there came in a Dutch ship from Batavia; she was a coaster, not an European trader, and of about two hundred tons burden; the men, as they pretended, having been so sickly, that the captain had not men enough to go to sea with. He lay by at Bengal; and having, it seems, got money enough, or being willing for other reasons to go for Europe, he gave public notice that he would sell his ship. This came to my ears before my new partner heard of it, and I had a great mind to buy it; so I goes home to him, and told him of it. He considered awhile, for he was no rash man either; but musing some time, he replied, "She is a little too big; but, however, we will have her." Accordingly we bought the ship; and agreeing with the master, we paid for her, and took possession. When we had done so, we resolved to entertain the men, if we could, to join them with those we had, for the pursuing our business; but on a sudden, they having received not their wages, but their share of the money, not one of them was to be found. We inquired much about them, and at length were told that

they were all gone together, by land, to Agra, the great city of the Mogul's residence ; and from thence were to travel to Surat, and so by sea to the Gulf of Persia.

Nothing had so heartily troubled me a good while, as that I missed the opportunity of going with them ; for such a ramble I thought, and in such company as would both have guarded me and diverted me, would have suited mightily with my great design ; and I should both have seen the world, and gone homewards too. But I was much better satisfied a few days after, when I came to know what sort of fellows they were ; for, in short, their history was, that this man they called captain was the gunner only, not the commander ; that they had been a trading voyage, in which they were attacked on shore by some of the Malayans, who had killed the captain and three of his men ; and that after the captain was killed these men, eleven in number, had resolved to run away with the ship, which they did, and brought her in at the Bay of Bengal, leaving the mate and five men more on shore ; of whom we shall hear further.

Well, let them come by the ship how they would, we came honestly by her, as we thought ; though we did not, I confess, examine into things so exactly as we ought ; for we never inquired anything of the seamen, who, if we had examined, would certainly have faltered in their account,

contradicted one another, and perhaps contradicted themselves ; or, one how or other, we should have seen reason to have suspected them. But the man showed us a bill of sale for the ship to one Emanuel Clostershoven, or some such name, for I suppose it was all a forgery, and called himself by that name ; and we could not contradict him ; and being withal a little too unwary, or at least having no suspicion of the thing, we went through with our bargain.

We picked up some more English seamen here after this, and some Dutch ; and now we resolved for a second voyage to the south-east for cloves, &c., that is to say, among the Philippine and Malacca Isles ; and in short, not to fill this part of my story with trifles, when what is yet to come is so remarkable, I spent, from first to last, six years in this country, trading from port to port, backward and forward, and with very good success ; and was now the last year with my new partner, going in the ship above-mentioned, on a voyage to China, but designing first to Siam, to buy rice.

In this voyage, being by contrary winds obliged to beat up and down a great while in the Straits of Malacca, and among the islands, we were no sooner got clear of those difficult seas, but we found our ship had sprung a leak, and we were not able, by all our industry, to find it out where it was. This forced us to make for some port ; and my partner, who knew the country better than I did,

directed the captain to put into the river of Cambodia ; for I had made the English mate, one Mr. Thompson, captain, not being willing to take the charge of two ships upon myself. This river lies on the north side of the great bay or gulf which goes up to Siam.

While we were here, and going often on shore for refreshment, there comes to me one day an Englishman, and he was, it seems, a gunner's mate on board an English East India ship, which rode in the same river, up at or near the city of Cambodia. What brought him hither, we know not ; but he comes up to me, and speaking in English, " Sir," says he, " you are a stranger to me, and I to you ; but I have something to tell you, that very nearly concerns you."

I looked steadily at him a good while, and thought at first I had known him, but I did not. " If it very nearly concerns me," said I, " and not yourself, what moves you to tell it me ?"—" I am moved," says he, " by the imminent danger you are in ; and, for ought I see, you have no knowledge of it."—" I know no danger I am in," said I, " but that my ship is leaky, and I cannot find it out ; but I purpose to lay her aground to-morrow to see if I can find it."—" But, sir," says he, " leaky or not leaky, find it or not find it, you will be wiser than to lay your ship on shore to-morrow, when you hear what I have to say to you. Do you know, sir," said he, " the town of Cambodia lies

about fifteen leagues up this river? And there are two large English ships about five leagues on this side, and three Dutch.”—“Well,” said I, “and what is that to me?”—“Why, sir,” said he, “is it for a man that is upon such adventures as you are upon to come into a port and not examine first what ships there are there, and whether he is able to deal with them? I suppose you do not think you are a match for them?” I was amused very much at his discourse, but not amazed at it, for I could not conceive what he meant. I turned short upon him, and said, “Sir, I wish you would explain yourself; I cannot imagine what reason I have to be afraid of any company of ships, or Dutch ships; I am no interloper; what can they have to say to me?”

He looked like a man half angry, half pleased; and pausing awhile, but smiling, “Well, sir,” said he, “if you think yourself secure, you must take your chance. I am sorry your fate should blind you against good advice; but assure yourself if you do not put to sea immediately, you will the very next tide be attacked by five long-boats full of men; and perhaps, if you are taken, you will be hanged for a pirate, and the particulars be examined afterwards. I thought, sir,” added he, “I should have met with a better reception than this for doing you a piece of service of such importance.”—“I can never be ungrateful,” said I, “for any service, or to any man that offers me

any kindness ; but it is past my comprehension," said I, " what they should have such a design upon me for. However, since you say there is no time to be lost, and that there is some villainous design in hand against me, I'll go on board this minute, and put to sea immediately, if my men can stop the leak, or if we can swim without stopping it ; but, sir," said I, " shall I go away ignorant of the reason of all this ? Can you give me no farther light into it ? "

" I can tell you but part of the story, sir," says he ; " but I have a Dutch seaman here with me, and I believe I could persuade him to tell you the rest ; but there is scarce time for it. But the short of the story is this, the first part of which, I suppose, you know well enough, viz., that you was with this ship at Sumatra ; that there your captain was murdered by the Malayans, with three of his men ; and that you, or some of those who were on board with you, ran away with the ship, and are since turned pirates. This is the sum of the story, and you will be all seized as pirates, I can assure you, and executed with very little ceremony ; for you know merchant-ships show but little law to pirates, if they get them into their power."

" Now you speak plain English," said I, " and I thank you ; and though I know nothing that we have done like what you talk of, but am sure we came honestly and fairly by the ship, yet seeing such work is a-doing, as you say, and that you seem

to mean honestly, I'll be upon my guard."—"Nay sir," says he, "do not talk of being upon your guard; the best defence is to be out of the danger. If you have any regard to your life, and the lives of all your men, put out to sea without fail at high-water; and as you have a whole tide before you, you will be gone too far out before they can come down, for they come away at high-water; and as they have twenty miles to come, you get near two hours of them by the difference of the tide, not reckoning the length of the way; besides, as they are only boats, and not ships, they will not venture to follow you far out to sea, especially if it blows."

"Well," says I, "you have been very kind in this; what shall I do for you to make you amends?"—"Sir," says he, "you may not be so willing to make me any amends, because you may not be convinced of the truth of it. I'll make an offer to you. I have nineteen months' pay due to me on board the ship —, which I came out of England in; and the Dutchman that is with me has seven months' pay due to him; if you will make good our pay to us, we will go along with you; and if you find no more in it, we will desire no more; but if we do convince you that we have saved your lives, and the ship, and the lives of all the men in her, we will leave the rest to you."

I consented to this readily, and went immediately on board, and the two men with me. As soon as I came to the ship's side, my partner, who was on

board, came out on the quarter-deck, and called to me with a great deal of joy, "O ho ! O ho ! we have stopped the leak ! we have stopped the leak !"—"Say you so ?" said I ; "thank God ! but weigh the anchor immediately."—"Weigh !" says he ; "what do you mean by that ? What is the matter ?" says he.—"Ask no questions," says I, "but all hands to work, and weigh without losing a minute." He was surprised ; but, however, he called the captain, and he immediately ordered the anchor to be got up ; and though the tide was not quite done, yet a little land-breeze blowing, we stood out to sea. Then I called him into the cabin, and told him the story at large ; and we called in the men, and they told us the rest of it. But as it took us up a great deal of time, so before we had done a seaman comes to the cabin door, and calls out to us, that the captain bade him tell us we were chased. "Chased !" said I ; "by whom, and by what ?"—"By five sloops, or boats," says the fellow, "full of men."—"Very well," said I ; "then it is apparent there is something in it." In the next place, I ordered all our men to be called up, and told them that there was a design to seize the ship, and to take us for pirates, and asked them if they would stand by us, and by one another ? The men answered cheerfully that, one and all, they would live and die with us. Then I asked the captain what way he thought best for us to manage the fight with them, for resist

them I was resolved we would, and that to the last drop. He said readily, that the way was to keep them off with our great shot as long as we could and then to fire at them with our small arms as long as we could ; but when neither of these would do any longer, we should retire to our close quarters ; perhaps they had not materials to break open our bulk-heads, or get in upon us.

The gunner had, in the meantime, order to bring two guns to bear fore and aft out of the steerage, to clear the deck, and load them with musket-bullets and small pieces of old iron, and what next came to hand, and thus we made ready for fight ; but all this while we kept out to sea, with wind enough, and could see the boats at a distance, being five large longboats, following us with all the sail they could make.

Two of these boats, which by our glasses we could see were English, outsailed the rest, and were near two leagues ahead of them, and gained upon us considerably, so that we found they would come up with us ; upon which we fired a gun without ball, to intimate that they should bring to ; and we put out a flag of truce, as a signal for parley ; but they kept crowding after us till they came within shot, when we took in our white flag, they having made no answer to it, hung out a red flag, and fired at them with a shot. Notwithstanding this they came on till they were near enough to call to them with a speaking trumpet, which we

had on board ; so we called to them, and bid them keep off at their peril.

It was all one ; they crowded after us, and endeavoured to come under our stern, so to board us on our quarter ; upon which, seeing they were resolute for mischief, and depended upon the strength that followed them, I ordered to bring the ship to, so that they lay upon our broadside, when immediately we fired five guns at them, one of which had been levelled so true as to carry away the stern of the hindermost boat, and bring them to the necessity of taking down their sail, and running all to the head of the boat to keep her from sinking. So she lay by, and had enough of it ; but seeing the foremost boat crowd on after us, we made ready to fire at her in particular.

While this was doing, one of the three boats that was behind, being forwarder than the other two, made up to the boat which we had disabled, to relieve her, and we could afterwards see her take out the men. We called again to the foremost boat, and offered a truce to parley again, and to know what was her business with us, but had no answer : only she crowded close under our stern. Upon this our gunner, who was a very dexterous fellow, ran out his two chase-guns and fired again at her ; but the shot missing, the men in the boat shouted, waved their caps, and came on. But the gunner, getting quickly ready again, fired among them the second time, one shot of which,

though it missed the boat itself, yet fell in among the men, and we could easily see had done a great deal of mischief among them ; but we, taking no notice of that, wared the ship again, and brought our quarter to bear upon them, and firing three guns more, we found the boat was split almost to pieces ; in particular, her rudder, and a piece of her stern, were shot quite away ; so they handed their sail immediately, and were in great disorder ; but to complete their misfortune our gunner let fly two guns at them again ; where he hit them we could not tell, but we found the boat was sinking, and some of the men already in the water. Upon this I immediately manned out our pinnace, which we had kept close by our side, with orders to pick up some of the men, if they could, and save them from drowning, and immediately to come on board with them, because we saw the rest of the boats began to come up. Our men in the pinnace followed their orders, and took up three men ; one of which was just drowning, and it was a good while before we could recover him. As soon as they were on board we crowded all the sail we could make, and stood farther out to sea ; and we found that when the other three boats came up to the first two, they gave over their chase.

DANIEL DEFOE was born about the year 1660 in London, in the parish of St. Giles and, after a good

education, took to business life. He took part in Monmouth's rebellion of 1685 and was lucky to escape. His business failed in 1692 for a large sum, but he paid his debts in full. On the accession of William III. he became useful to the government as a writer of pamphlets. On William's death he was fined, pilloried, and imprisoned for his satire *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*, and, as a consequence, his business of tile-making at Tilbury was ruined. In 1704 he was released and employed in political writing by Harley, but he played a somewhat doubtful part during the political changes that followed. In 1719 appeared the first of his stories, *Robinson Crusoe*, which was based on the actual adventures of Alexander Selkirk, a South Sea buccaneer who was marooned for four years on the island of Juan Fernandez. Defoe had great skill in combining historical events with details of his own invention, and his *Memoirs of a Cavalier* and *History of the Plague* are very much like true accounts of the incidents they describe. *Captain Singleton* is a brilliant tale of a pirate. After *A New Voyage Round the World* (1725) Defoe returned to pamphleteering, and in 1731 he died, his circumstances being in some confusion.

II

IVANHOE

IN 1194 Prince John was ruling England for his brother, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who, on returning from the Crusades, had been seized and imprisoned by his enemies.

With Richard, in Palestine, had fought Wilfred of Ivanhoe, banished by his father, Cedric the Saxon, because of his love for Rowena, for whom her guardian, Cedric, had other designs. At the tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouch the prize was won by a Knight, called the Disinherited, and he, being wounded, proved to be Wilfred. The Jew, Isaac of York, and his beautiful daughter, Rebecca, in gratitude for former assistance, came to his help, but on the journey from the lists they, together with Cedric and Rowena, were seized by a band of disguised Normans, led by the Templar, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and were lodged in the castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf.

To the rescue came the outlaws of the greenwood, headed by Robin Hood (who, as Locksley, had won the archery contest at Ashby) and a mysterious Black Knight, who had distinguished himself on Wilfred's side in the tournament. After a severe struggle the attackers captured the castle and rescued all the prisoners except Rebecca, whom de Bois-Guilbert carried off. But the Templars tried her as a witch and condemned her to die unless a champion should appear in her defence.

After her rescue, the Black Knight revealed himself to be the King and eventually persuaded Cedric to consent to his son's marriage with Rowena.

THE CHAMPION

OUR scene now returns to the exterior of the Castle, or Preceptory, of Templestowe, about the hour when the bloody die was to be cast for the life or death of Rebecca. It was a scene of bustle and life, as if the whole vicinity had poured forth its inhabitants to a village wake or rural feast. But the earnest desire to look on blood and death is not peculiar to those dark ages, though in the gladiatorial exercise of single combat and general tourney, they were habituated to the bloody spectacle of brave men falling by each other's hands. Even in our own days, when morals are better understood, an execution, a bruising match, a riot, or a meeting of radical reformers, collects, at considerable hazard to themselves, immense crowds of spectators, otherwise little interested, except to see how matters are to be conducted, or whether the heroes of the day are, in the heroic language of insurgent tailors, flints or dunghills.

The eyes, therefore, of a very considerable multitude were bent on the gate of the Preceptory of Templestowe with the purpose of witnessing the procession ; while still greater numbers had already

surrounded the tiltyard belonging to that establishment. This enclosure was formed on a piece of level ground adjoining to the Preceptory, which had been levelled with care, for the exercise of military and chivalrous sports. It occupied the brow of a soft and gentle eminence, was carefully palisaded around, and, as the Templars willingly invited spectators to be witnesses of their skill in feats of chivalry, was amply supplied with galleries and benches for their use.

On the present occasion a throne was erected for the Grand Master at the east end, surrounded with seats of distinction for the Preceptors and Knights of the Order. Over these floated the sacred standard, called *Le Beau-seant*, which was the ensign, as its name was the battle-cry, of the Templars.

At the opposite end of the lists was a pile of fagots, so arranged around a stake, deeply fixed in the ground, as to leave a space for the victim whom they were destined to consume, to enter within the fatal circle, in order to be chained to the stake by the fetters which hung ready for that purpose. Beside this deadly apparatus stood four black slaves, whose colour and African features, then so little known in England, appalled the multitude, who gazed on them as on demons employed about their own diabolical exercises. These men stirred not, excepting now and then, under the direction of one who seemed their chief, to

shift and replace the ready fuel. They looked not on the multitude. In fact, they seemed insensible of their presence, and of everything save the discharge of their own horrible duty. And when, in speech with each other, they expanded their blubber lips and showed their white fangs, as if they grinned at the thoughts of the expected tragedy, the startled commons could scarcely help believing that they were actually the familiar spirits with whom the witch had communed, and who, her time being out, stood ready to assist in her dreadful punishment. They whispered to each other, and communicated all the feats which Satan had performed during that busy and unhappy period, not failing, of course, to give the devil rather more than his due.

As they thus conversed, the heavy bell of the church of Saint Michael of Templestowe, a venerable building, situated in a hamlet at some distance from the Preceptory, broke short their argument. One by one the sullen sounds fell successively on the ear, leaving but sufficient space for each to die away in distant echo ere the air was again filled by repetition of the iron knell. These sounds, the signal of the approaching ceremony, chilled with awe the hearts of the assembled multitude, whose eyes were now turned to the Preceptory, expecting the approach of the Grand Master, the champion, and the criminal.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened,

and a knight, bearing the great standard of the Order, sallied from the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights Preceptors, two and two, the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Guilbert, armed cap-a-pie in bright armour, but without his lance, shield, and sword, which were borne by his two esquires behind him. His face, though partly hidden by a long plume which floated down from his barret-cap, bore a strong and mingled expression of passion, in which pride seemed to contend with irresolution. He looked ghastly pale, as if he had not slept for several nights; yet reined his pawing war-horse with the habitual ease and grace proper to the best lance of the Order of the Temple. His general appearance was grand and commanding; but, looking at him with attention, men read that in his dark features from which they willingly withdrew their eyes.

On either side rode Conrade of Mont-Fitchet, and Albert de Malvoisin, who acted as godfathers to the champion. They were in their robes of peace, the white dress of the Order. Behind them followed other Companions of the Temple, with a long train of esquires and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honour of being one day Knights of the Order. After these neophytes came a guard of warders on foot, in the same sable livery, amidst whose

partisans might be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a slow but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate. She was stripped of all her ornaments, lest perchance there should be among them some of those amulets which Satan was supposed to bestow upon his victims, to deprive them of the power of confession even when under the torture. A coarse white dress, of the simplest form, had been substituted for her Oriental garments ; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look, that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her, and the most hardened bigot regretted the fate that had converted a creature so goodly into a vessel of wrath and a waged slave of the devil.

A crowd of inferior personages belonging to the Preceptory followed the victim, all moving with the utmost order, with arms folded, and looks bent upon the ground.

This slow procession moved up the gentle eminence, on the summit of which was the tiltyard, and, entering the lists, marched once around them from right to left, and when they had completed the circle, made a halt. There was then a momentary bustle, while the Grand Master and all his attendants, excepting the champion and his godfathers, dismounted from their horses, which were immediately removed out of the lists by the esquires, who were in attendance for that purpose.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder, and shut her eyes, praying internally doubtless, for her lips moved though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the Grand Master had assumed his seat; and when the chivalry of his Order was placed around and behind him, each in his due rank, a loud and long flourish of the trumpets announced that the Court were seated for judgment. Malvoisin, then, acting as godfather of the champion, stepped forward, and laid the glove of the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

"Valorous Lord, and reverend Father," said he, "here standeth the good Knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle, which I now lay at your reverence's feet, hath become bound to do his *devoir* in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a Chapter of this most Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, condemning her to die as a

sorceress ;—here, I say, he standeth, such battle to do, knightly and honourably, if such be your noble and sanctified pleasure.”

“Hath he made oath,” said the Grand Master, “that his quarrel is just and honourable? Bring forward the crucifix and the *Te igitur*.”

“Sir, and most reverend father,” answered Malvoisin readily, “our brother here present hath already sworn to the truth of his accusation in the hand of the good Knight Conrade de Mont-Fitchet ; and otherwise he ought not to be sworn, seeing that his adversary is an unbeliever, and may take no oath.”

This explanation was satisfactory, to Albert’s great joy ; for the wily knight had forseen the great difficulty, or rather impossibility, of prevailing upon Brian de Bois-Guilbert to take such an oath before the assembly, and had invented this excuse to escape the necessity of his doing so.

The Grand Master, having allowed the apology of Albert Malvoisin, commanded the herald to stand forth and do his *devoir*. The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud, “Oyez, oyez, oyez.—Here standeth the good Knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood, who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca, to try by champion, in respect of lawful *essoine* of her own body ; and to such champion the reverend and valorous Grand

Master here present allows a fair field, and equal partition of sun and wind, and whatever else appertains to a fair combat." The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause for many minutes.

"No champion appears for the appellant," said the Grand Master. "Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her cause." The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated, and Bois-Guilbert suddenly turning his horse's head toward that end of the lists, in spite of hints on either side from Malvoisin and Mont-Fitchet, was by the side of Rebecca's chair as soon as the herald.

"Is this regular, and according to the law of combat?" said Malvoisin, looking to the Grand Master.

"Albert de Malvoisin, it is," answered Beaumanoir; "for in this appeal to the judgment of God, we may not prohibit parties from having that communication with each other which may best tend to bring forth the truth of the quarrel."

In the meantime, the herald spoke to Rebecca in these terms:—"Damsel, the Honourable and Reverend the Grand Master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?"

"Say to the Grand Master," replied Rebecca, "that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield

me as justly condemned, lest I become guilty of mine own blood. Say to him, that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man's extremity, will raise me up a deliverer ; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done ! " The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

" God forbid," said Lucas Beaumanoir, " that Jew or Pagan should impeach us of injustice ! Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death."

The herald communicated the words of the Grand Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up towards heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause, the voice of Bois-Guilbert broke upon her ear ; it was but a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

" Rebecca," said the Templar, " dost thou hear me ? "

" I have no portion in thee, cruel, hard-hearted man," said the unfortunate maiden.

" Ay, but dost thou understand my words ? " said the Templar ; " for the sound of my voice is frightful in mine own ears. I scarce know on what ground we stand, or for what purpose they have

brought us hither. This listed space—that chair—these fagots—I know their purpose ; and yet it appears to me like something unreal—the fearful picture of a vision, which appals my sense with hideous fantasies, but convinces not my reason.”

“ My mind and senses keep touch and time,” answered Rebecca, “ and tell me alike that these fagots are destined to consume my earthly body, and open a painful but a brief passage to a better world.”

“ Dreams, Rebecca—dreams,” answered the Templar—“ idle visions, rejected by the wisdom of your own wiser Sadducees. Hear me, Rebecca,” he said, proceeding with animation ; “ a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed—on Zamor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider. I won him in single fight from the Soldan of Trebizond. Mount, I say, behind me. In one short hour is pursuit and inquiry far behind ; a new world of pleasure opens to thee—to me a new career of fame. Let them speak the doom which I despise, and erase the name of Bois-Guilbert from their list of monastic slaves ! I will wash out with blood whatever blot they may dare to cast on my scutcheon.”

“ Tempter,” said Rebecca, “ begone ! Not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair’s-breadth from my resting-place. Surrounded as I am by foes, I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy. Avoid thee, in the name of God ! ”

Albert Malvoisin, alarmed and impatient at the duration of their conference, now advanced to interrupt it.

"Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt?" he demanded of Bois-Guilbert; "or is she resolute in her denial?"

"She is indeed *resolute*," said Bois-Guilbert.

"Then," said Malvoisin, "must thou, noble brother, resume thy place to attend the issue. The shades are changing on the circle of the dial. Come, brave Bois-Guilbert—come, thou hope of our holy Order, and soon to be its head."

As he spoke in this soothing tone, he laid his hand on the knight's bridle, as if to lead him back to his station.

"False villain! what meanest thou by thy hand on my rein?" said Sir Brian angrily. And shaking off his companion's grasp, he rode back to the upper end of the lists.

"There is yet spirit in him," said Malvoisin apart to Mont-Fitchet, "were it well directed; but, like the Greek fire, it burns whatever approaches it."

The judges had now been two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion.

It was, however, the general belief that no one could or would appear for a Jewess, accused of sorcery; and the knights, instigated by Malvoisin, whispered to each other that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca forfeited. At this instant

a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion! a champion!" and despite the prepossessions and prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tiltyard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue; and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly, "I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert as a traitor, murderer, and liar; as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of Our Lady, and of Monseigneur Saint George, the good knight."

"The stranger must first show," said Malvoisin, "that he is a good knight, and of honourable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."

"My name," said the Knight, raising his helmet,

"is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravade."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre—remember the Passage of Arms at Ashby—remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe and recover the honour thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe, in every Preceptory of thine Order, unless thou do battle without further delay."

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe, "Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our

Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honourably met with."

"Thus—thus as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God—to His keeping I commend myself.—Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said—"I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce, "I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no—no—thy wounds are uncured. Meet not that proud man—why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald, then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice, *Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers!* After the third cry, he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed that none, on peril of instant death, should dare, by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists, and

pronounced the fatal signal words, *Laissez aller*.

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master, "unshriven and unabsolved—kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed; the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened; but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards—" *Fiat voluntas tua!* "

SIR WALTER SCOTT, a descendant of well-known Border families, was born in 1771, his father being an Edinburgh lawyer. From early childhood he was interested in ballads and legends of the Border, and this knowledge and his powers of story-telling were his chief distinctions at Edinburgh High School. After apprenticeship to his father, he qualified as an advocate and ultimately obtained important official positions. His first literary interests were in poetry. The publication of *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* was followed by *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), *Marmion* (1808), *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), and other poetry, as well as by critical and biographical work.

In 1814, appeared anonymously his first novel, *Waverley*, and the secret of its authorship and that of its successors *Guy Mannering*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Kenilworth*, *Peveril of the Peak*, and others mystified the public. In 1820 he was made a baronet. In 1826 the publishing firm of the Ballantynes, in which he was a sleeping partner, failed, and Scott became liable for debts of £130,000. Undaunted by this disaster and by the death of his wife, he set to work on further books (*Woodstock*, *The Fair Maid of Perth*, etc.), which eventually paid off the debts. But the excessive strain caused his breakdown, and he died in 1832 at his house, Abbotsford.

He wrote 25 novels and a few shorter tales. Almost all of them have historical backgrounds and abound in romance and exciting incidents. Read *Rob Roy*, *Quentin Durward*, and *The Talisman*.

III

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

Not far from Tarry Town on the River Hudson lies a glen known as Sleepy Hollow, haunted, say its inhabitants of Dutch descent, by the ghost of a Hessian trooper, who gallops out at night from the churchyard to seek his head which a cannon-ball has removed. At the time of this story Ichabod Crane, the scraggy village schoolmaster, was much esteemed by the female population; for he had read several books, one of which was Cotton Mather's *History of New England Witchcraft*, in the truth of which he firmly believed. He was singing-master too and was deeply enamoured of his pupil, the blooming Katrina Van Tassel, and of her father's property. His deadly rival was the strong and rollicking Brom Van Brunt, nicknamed Brom Bones. To a merry-making Van Tassel invited them both: Ichabod arrived on Gunpowder, a plough-horse borrowed from his landlord, Hans Van Ripper, and Brom rode his fiery steed, Daredevil. Ichabod danced with Katrina, filling the negroes with admiration and Brom with jealousy, and at the end of the dance he joined a knot of folks, who were entertaining each other with legends and ghost-stories of the neighbourhood. What followed, you can read.

Ichabod disappeared, and it was thought that the Hessian had carried him off, but later he was heard of in a distant part of the country. Brom married

Katrina, always looked knowing when Ichabod's story was told, and always laughed heartily at the mention of a pumpkin.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

SEVERAL of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighbourhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favourite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the Headless Horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favourite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a

silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide, woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge ; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime ; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. This was one of the favourite haunts of the Headless Horseman ; and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him ; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge ; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighbouring village of Sing Sing, he had been

overtaken by this midnight trooper ; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their waggons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favourite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a *tête-à-tête* with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success.

What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chop-fallen.—Oh these women ! these women ! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks ?—Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival ?—Heaven only knows, not I !—Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the

barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson ; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man.

Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog, from a neighbouring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker, the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighbourhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was uni-

versally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered—it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate

André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump ; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge ; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence.

Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot : it was all in vain ; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes.

The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some

gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer.

Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervour into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quick-

ened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavoured to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion, that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down-

hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase ; but just as he had got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavoured to hold it firm, but in vain ; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle ; but this was no time for petty fears : the goblin was hard on his haunches ; and (unskilful rider that he was !) he had much ado to maintain his seat ; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's back-bone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where

Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see, if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavoured to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

WASHINGTON IRVING, an American man of letters, was born in New York in 1783. Educated for the legal profession, he preferred to write, and he made a reputation as a humorist with a series of papers, entitled *Salmagundi*, and with *A History of New York*, by *Diedrich Knickerbocker*, a burlesque upon the old Dutch settlers. Commercial ventures with his brother took him to England for the second time in 1815, and, when the business failed, he took up his pen as a livelihood. In 1819 appeared *The Sketch Book*, the series of pen-pictures from which this legend is taken and which contains the celebrated story of Rip Van Winkle. This was followed by *Bracebridge Hall*, a

similar work, and, after several years in Europe, by *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, *The Conquest of Granada*, *Voyages of the Companions of Columbus*, *Tales of the Alhambra*, and other works. Irving was appointed secretary to the United States Legation in London, and in 1832 he returned to America, where he was received with honour as one who had raised American literature to a high position. He visited the prairies, wrote further books, and in 1842 was appointed Minister to Spain. After his return in 1846 he wrote *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, *Life of Mahomet*, and *Life of Washington*. In 1859 he died suddenly and was buried in the Sleepy Hollow of the legend

IV

RICHELIEU

LOUIS XIII. of France was a weak king, and in 1642, when this story opens, almost complete power was in the hands of Cardinal Richelieu, the queen's enemy.

Claude de Blénau, an adherent of the queen, while carrying letters from her brother, Philip of Spain, was set upon by bandits at the instigation of Chavigni, Richelieu's agent, and wounded. On his recovery Richelieu tempted him to betray the queen but, failing, threw him into the Bastille. To warn Claude that the queen had admitted the correspondence, Pauline de Beaumont, his fiancée, gained access to the Bastille as the daughter of Philip the woodman, also imprisoned because he knew too much.

As Claude received only a minor punishment from the King, Richelieu regarded him with a deadly hatred and, when Chavigni discovered the conspiracy of Cinq Mars, caused Claude to be arrested at the moment when he was to marry Pauline.

On the way to prison at Lyons Claude found Villa Grande, the messenger from Cinq Mars to the conspirators, at the point of death, and his confession which exonerated Claude, was taken by Chavigni, who was now convinced of Claude's sincerity. But Chavigni forgot, till he was reminded by Philip the woodman, and Claude was brought to trial before Richelieu's tool, Judge Lafemas.

On his way to exile Claude rescued Chavigni from death and learned that the death of Richelieu had removed all troubles from his path.

REPRIEVED

THE hours of a prison are always slow, and they were now doubly slow to De Blènaux, having no other pastime than painful reflections, and anticipations equally bitter.

At length, however, the day of his trial arrived, and he was conveyed in a carriage to Pierre-en-Scize, where, in the hall of audience, sat three of the devoted creatures of Richelieu, presiding over a body equally governed by themselves, and all prepared to pronounce a sentence already dictated by the minister. Although the president of the Parliament of Grenoble nominally directed the business of the court, Lafemas was not absent, and in his eyes Blènaux instantly discerned his fate.

The charge against the prisoner was read by one of the clerks, declaring him to stand in danger of high treason, in having conspired with the Sieurs Cinq Mars, Fontrailles, De Thou, and others, to bring foreign troops into France, and for having treated and combined with a power at open war with the kingdom for various treasonable and disloyal purposes.

The evidence brought forward to establish this was as frivolous as the accusation was unfounded.

It was proved, indeed, that the prisoner had often been seen in private with the unfortunate Cinq Mars ; and it was also given in evidence by a servant of the Duke of Orleans, that he had carried a letter from that prince to De Blènaux at Moulins ; and in consequence of that letter, as he conceived, the duke had gone, with a great air of secrecy, to a particular spot, where he was unaccustomed to ride upon ordinary occasions, and that there he was met by De Blènaux. What conversation took place between them he could not tell ; but after they had separated the duke, he said, gave particular orders that their meeting should be mentioned to no man.

The next witness brought forward was the messenger who had carried to De Blènaux the king's permission to return to court, and who proved that, instead of finding the count at Moulins, or anywhere in the Bourbonnois, to which, according to the king's command, he was bound to confine himself, he had been conducted by the count's page to Troyes in Champagne, where he found Monsieur de Blènaux himself ready to set off for some other place. This witness also added that he had learned in the town of Troyes, that Monsieur de Blènaux had been absent one whole day, during which time he had visited the old Castle of Mesnil St. Loup ; and that at his return he did not go to the same hotel from which he had proceeded in the morning.

When the evidence was gone through, the president of Grenoble signified to the prisoner that he might speak in his own defence ; and though well assured that on his judges he could make no impression, De Blénau resolved not to allow the accusation to remain unrepelled, and replied at some length to what had been urged against him. He showed the impossibility of preparing any defence, when the nature of the charge had never reached his ears till that day. He pointed out that, though he had known and loved the unhappy Cinq Mars, their friendship was no proof that he was at all acquainted with the conspiracy for which the other had suffered ; and that though he had met the Duke of Orleans, and received a letter from him, that was not sufficient to show him concerned in any plot against the state. He acknowledged that he had left the Bourbonnois without the king's permission ; but he stated the powerful motives which had induced him to do so, and gave a correct account, from the notes he had prepared, of every moment of his time since he had been liberated from the Bastille. He further declared his innocence : he proved that he had been absent from all the principal scenes of the conspiracy ; and ended by demanding that the confession of the Italian, Villa Grande, should be produced.

The president of Grenoble turned his eyes upon Lafemas ; but that worthy judge assumed an air

of perfect unconsciousness, and demanded, what Italian the prisoner meant ?

De Blè nau now clearly and distinctly stated all he knew concerning him, and again demanded that his confession should be brought forward. But still Lafemas appeared in doubt. "Monsieur de Blè nau," said he, "although this seems to me but a manœuvre to gain time, I have no objection that the papers of this court should be searched if you can give us the baptismal name of this Italian, of whom at present we know nothing ; and even this is a mere matter of grace and favour."

De Blè nau declared his incapacity to do so, but protested against the unjust proceedings of the court, and showed that, if time and opportunity had been allowed for preparing his defence, he would have been enabled, by application to the Count de Chavigni, to bring forward the paper he mentioned, and to prove the truth of everything he had asserted, by the evidence of a person now at a distance. He was still speaking when Lafemas rose and interrupted him. "Perceiving," said the judge, with unblushing effrontery, "that the prisoner has concluded his defence, I will now occupy the court for a few moments, in order to explain the reasoning on which my own opinion is founded, although I see but one conclusion to which any one can come upon the merits of the case before us. It has been shown that the prisoner was the sworn—the bosom friend of the traitor

who has already suffered for his crimes ; that he was in constant communication with almost all the conspirators ; and that the royal duke, who has unfortunately dyed his name with so black a spot, at the very same time that he was engaged in plotting the ruin of his country, was in secret correspondence with the individual before us. It has further been proved that the prisoner, after having been *relegué* in Bourbon, quitted the place to which he was bound to confine himself, and went upon what he cannot but own himself to be a wild, romantic chase, into Champagne. This part of his story is a very strange one, according to his own showing ; but when we come to compare it with the confession of the traitor Cinq Mars, the matter becomes more clear. It was in the old castle of St. Loup, near the city of Troyes, says the confession, that the principal meeting of the conspirators was held ; and it was to this very castle of St. Loup that the prisoner directed his course from Moulins. Evidently for the purpose of concealment also, the prisoner, on his return to Troyes, instead of directing his course to the inn where he had formerly alighted, proceeded to another, at which, unfortunately for himself, he was overtaken by the king's messenger. I think it is unnecessary to say more upon these points. To my mind they are convincing. It is true, indeed, Monsieur de Blénau has shrewdly kept his handwriting from any paper which could prove him an

active member of this conspiracy. But what man in his senses can doubt that he was criminally aware of its existence? This, then, is his crime: and I pronounce the concealment of treason to be as great a crime as treason itself. But if there were wanting a case in point to prove that the law considers it as such, I would cite the condemnation of De Thou, who, but two days ago, suffered with the traitor Cinq Mars. Let us now, my brethren," he added, "retire to consider of our sentence; for I have only spoken thus much, not to bias your opinion, but simply that the prisoner himself before he leaves the court may know at least *my* sentiments."

The judges now withdrew to the cabinet appointed for their deliberations, and De Blénau was removed from the court to a small apartment hard by. He had not been here a moment when his page, Henri de la Mothe, burst into the room. "My dear, dear, master!" exclaimed the boy, throwing himself at his feet, "they tell me that you certainly will not be condemned, for that you have not been taken to what is called the *dead man's dwelling*; so the sentinel let me in to see you."

"Henry! how came you hither?" exclaimed De Blénau hurriedly. "But we have no time to think of that—my fate is sealed. I have read it in the triumphant glance of that demon Lafemas. Mark me, my boy, and if ever you loved me, obey me well. When I am dead—do you hear?—When

I am dead, near my heart you will find a portrait. Take it, with this ring, to Mademoiselle de Beaumont. Tell her, that the one was the likeness of all I loved on earth ; and the other, the ring that was to have bound her to me for ever. Say that De Blènau sends them to her in death, and that his last thought was of Pauline de Beaumont."

" Alas ! Mademoiselle de Beaumont ! " said the page. But as he spoke the door opened, and an officer of the court entered, followed by a priest. " Begone, boy ! " said the officer, leading Henry to the door. " How came you in here ? We have more serious matter in hand now."

" Remember ! " said De Blènau, holding up his hand impressively, " remember ! " And Henry, bursting into tears, was hurried from the apartment. " Now, father," continued De Blènau, turning to the priest, " let us to your business."

" It is a sad one, my son," he replied ; " it is but to tell you that you must prepare to leave a world of sorrow ! "

" God's will be done ! " said De Blènau.

All delay in the execution of a sentence where there exists no hope for mercy, is but needless cruelty ; yet De Blènau was suffered to linger fourteen weary nights and days between the day of his condemnation and that appointed for his death. It approached, however, at length. We are told, by those who have had the best oppor-

tunities of judging, that the last night of a condemned prisoner's existence is generally passed in slumber. It was so with De Blénau. Hope and fear were equally things gone by to him. The bitter sentence of death rang in his ear. He had traced the last lines of affection to her he loved ; he had paid the last duties of religion ; and, fatigued with the strong excitement which his mind had undergone, he threw himself on his couch, and fell into that profound sleep which only despair can give, and which approaches near to annihilation.

He was yet buried in forgetfulness when the jailer came to announce that the fatal hour was come, and for a moment, even after his spirit had resumed her powers, memory still wandered far from the reality. He had not dreamed, but all thought of the last few months had been obliterated, and remembrance, escaping from the painful present, lingered fondly over all he had left behind.

It lasted not long, and as all the truth came rushing on his mind, he thought alone of his approaching fate, and to meet it as became him. His heart, indeed, was sick of all the instability of this world's things, and for an instant there was a feeling almost amounting to satisfaction, when he thought that the eternal balancing between hope and fear, between joy and disappointment, was soon to be over, and that his soul, wearied of change and doubt, would quickly have peace and certainty. But then again the lingering ties of

earth, the fond, warm fellowships of human existence, came strongly upon him, with all the throng of kindly sympathies that bind us to this world, and made him shrink from the thought of breaking them all at once.

This also lasted but a moment—his fate was sealed, and hurrying over all that might in any degree undermine his fortitude, he followed into the courtyard, where the Prevost de Lyons and several authorities of the town, with a file of soldiers, waited his coming.

The distance was so short from the place of his confinement to the scaffold where he had beheld for the last time his unhappy friend Cinq Mars, that the use of a carriage was dispensed with; and the guard having formed an avenue through the crowd, the gates were thrown open to give him exit for the last time.

“Monsieur de Blènaux, will you take my arm?” said the Prevost of Lyons: “mine is a sad office, sir, but the arm is not an unfriendly one.”

De Blènaux, however, declined it with thanks, saying that he needed no support; and with a priest on one hand and the prevost on the other, he proceeded calmly towards the scaffold, and ascended the steps with a firm, unshaken footstep. The block, and the axe, and the masked executioner were nothing in De Blènaux's eyes but the mere weak precursors of the one awful event on which all his thoughts were bent, and for which his

mind was now fully prepared. There was but one thought which could at all shake his fortitude—there was but one tie to be broken which wrung his heart to break. He thought of Pauline de Beaumont—but he thought also that he had merited a better fate ; and, proudly spurning the weakness that strove to grow upon his heart, he resolved to die as he had lived, worthy of her he loved. The very feeling gave new dignity to his air, and he stood erect and firm while the soldiers were disposed about the scaffold, and his sentence was read aloud by the prevost.

A great multitude surrounded the place, and fixed their eyes upon the victim of arbitrary power, as he stood calm and unmoved before them, in the spring of youth and the dignity of conscious innocence. There were few who had not heard of the Count de Blénau, and all that they had heard was good. The heart of man, too, although fallen, has still one spot reserved for the dwelling of compassion, and its very weakness makes it soften to virtue in distress, and often even to forget faults in misfortunes. However that may be, there was a glistening in the eyes of many as they turned their looks towards De Blénau, who, according to the universal custom of the time, advanced to the front of the scaffold to address them. “ Good friends,” said he, “ it is the will of Heaven that here I should give back the spirit which has been lent me ; and so help me that God

into whose bright presence I now go, as I am innocent of any crime towards my king and country ! ” A murmur ran among the people. “ This is my last asseveration,” he continued ; “ and my last counsel to you is, to keep your hearts clear and guiltless, so that if misfortune should follow any one as it has followed me, he may be able to lay his head upon the block as fearlessly as I do now ! ” And retiring a step, he unloosed his collar, and knelt for the stroke of the executioner.

“ A horse ! a horse ! A council messenger ! Pardon for the count ! Pardon for the count ! ” cried a thousand voices from the crowd. De Blénau looked up. Headlong down the long narrow street that then led in a straight line from the square, his horse in foam, his hat left far behind, and his long gray hair flying in the wind, spurring as if for life, came a horseman, who ever and anon held up a packet in his hand, and vociferated something that was lost in the distance. He wore the dress of a lieutenant of the king’s forests, and dashing like lightning through the crowd, that reeled back on every side as he approached, he paused not till he reached the foot of the scaffold—threw himself from his horse—passed unopposed through the guards—rushed up the steps, and Philip the woodman of Mantes cast himself at De Blénau’s feet. “ My noble, noble lord ! ” exclaimed the woodman. It was all that he could utter, for his breath was gone with the rapidity of his progress.

“What is all this?” cried the Prevost of Lyons, coming forward. “And why do you stop the execution of the prisoner, sir lieutenant? What is all this?”

Philip started on his feet. “What is it?” he exclaimed: “why, that none of you blood-sucking wolves dare put a fang to the count’s throat: that’s what it is! There is his pardon, with the king’s own signature; ay, and the cardinal’s to boot! At least, so Monsieur de Chavigni tells me; for being no great clerk, I have not read it myself.”

The prevost unfolded the paper and read, “‘*Aujourd’hui*,’ etc.—Ah! yes, all in form.—‘The king having learned that the crimes of the Sieur Claude de Blénau, Count de Blénau, and Seigneur de Blancford, are not so heavy as at first appeared, and having investigated, etc., has ordained and does ordain—out of his great grace, etc.—that the sentence of death be changed and commuted to perpetual banishment, etc.—And if after sixteen days from the date hereof, he be found within the kingdoms of France and Navarre,’ etc. You understand, Monsieur le Comte. Well, sir, I congratulate you. Here is the king’s name; ‘Louis,’ *et plus bas*, ‘Richelieu.’ Will you come and take some refreshment at my poor lodgings?”

De Blénau was glad to accept the invitation, for his mind was too much confused to fix upon any plan of action at the moment. His resolution had

borne him strongly up at the time when all hope seemed lost ; but now the sudden change overpowered him ; and amidst the acclamations of the multitude, he suffered himself to be conducted in silence to the house of the prevost, where he was soon after discovered by his page.

GEORGE PAYNE RAINSFORD JAMES was the son of a well-known London physician. He was born in 1801 and was educated at Putney and in France. At the age of seventeen he wrote some Eastern tales which attracted the notice of Washington Irving ; *Richelieu*, which was published in 1829, won considerable praise from Sir Walter Scott. He wrote some biographies and poems, but devoted himself chiefly to the production of historical novels, which he poured out in great quantities during the next thirty years. Among these, besides *Richelieu*, are *Henry Masterton*, *Mary of Burgundy*, *Darnley*, *The Huguenot*, *Agincourt*. He wrote approximately seventy novels in all, but, though at the time they were popular owing to the fashion for historical tales which was set by Scott, very few of them have lived.

He was for a short time Historiographer Royal to William IV., and in 1850 he was sent as British Consul to America, where he held various posts. In 1856 he was transferred to Venice, and here he died in 1860.

V

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

IN A.D. 79 to the luxurious town of Pompeii had come the Egyptian Arbaces and his wards, the beautiful Ione, whom he intended to marry, and her brother Apæcides, to whom Arbaces had revealed the secrets of the worship of Isis. But Ione fell in love with Glaucus the Athenian, and Apæcides, disgusted with the trickery of the temple, was ready to be converted to Christianity by Olinthus. Glaucus, however, was beloved by Nydia, a blind flower-girl whom he had befriended, and also by the wealthy Julia. Nydia unselfishly helped Glaucus and Ione, but, when Julia plotted to gain the love of Glaucus with a love-potion from the witch of Vesuvius, whom Arbaces had bribed to substitute a maddening drug, Nydia, hoping that Glaucus would love her, obtained it and gave it to him.

Arbaces, threatened by Apæcides, now a Christian, in rage stabbed him and succeeded in throwing the guilt upon Glaucus, who, wandering maddened by the drug, happened to come upon them. So Glaucus was condemned to the lion. But the murder had been witnessed by Calenus, priest of Isis ; he, attempting to extort hush-money from Arbaces, was imprisoned in his dungeon. Nydia, a prisoner also, discovered the truth and managed to send a letter to the friends of Glaucus with the result that is shown.

The final chapters describe the destruction of Pompeii and the escape of the lovers with Nydia's help.

THE AMPHITHEATRE

GLAUCUS AND OLINTHUS had been placed together in that gloomy and narrow cell in which the criminals of the arena awaited their last and fearful struggle. Their eyes, of late accustomed to the darkness, scanned the faces of each other in this awful hour, and by that dim light, the paleness, which chased away the natural hues from either cheek, assumed a yet more ashy and ghastly whiteness. Yet their brows were erect and dauntless—their limbs did not tremble—their lips were compressed and rigid. The religion of the one, the pride of the other, the conscious innocence of both, and, it may be, the support derived from their mutual companionship, elevated the victim into the hero.

“Hark! hearest thou that shout? They are growling over their human blood,” said Olinthus.

“I hear; my heart grows sick, but the gods support me.”

“The gods! O rash young man! in this hour recognize only the One God. Have I not taught thee in the dungeon, wept for thee, prayed for thee?—in my zeal and in my agony have I not thought more of thy salvation than my own?”

“Brave friend!” answered Glaucus solemnly, “I have listened to thee with awe, with wonder,

and with a secret tendency towards conviction. Had our lives been spared, I might gradually have weaned myself from the tenets of my own faith, and inclined to thine ; but, in this last hour, it were a craven thing, and a base, to yield to hasty terror what should only be the result of lengthy meditation. Were I to embrace thy creed, and cast down my fathers' gods, should I not be bribed by thy promise of heaven, or awed by thy threats of hell ? Olinthus, no ! Think we of each other with equal charity—I honouring thy sincerity, thou pitying my blindness or my obdurate courage. As have been my deeds, such will be my reward ; and the Power or Powers above will not judge harshly of human error when it is linked with honesty of purpose and truth of heart. Speak we no more of this. Hush ! Dost thou hear them drag yon heavy body through the passage ? Such as that clay will be ours soon."

" O Heaven ! O Christ ! already I behold ye ! " cried the fervent Olinthus, lifting up his hands ; " I tremble not—I rejoice that the prison-house shall be soon broken."

Glaucus bowed his head in silence. He felt the distinction between his fortitude and that of his fellow-sufferer. The heathen did not tremble ; but the Christian exulted.

The door swung gratingly back—the gleam of spears shot along the walls.

" Glaucus the Athenian, thy time has come,"

said a loud and clear voice ; “ the lion awaits thee.”

“ I am ready,” said the Athenian. “ Brother and co-mate, one last embrace ! Bless me—and farewell ! ”

The Christian opened his arms—he clasped the young heathen to his breast—he kissed his forehead and cheek—he sobbed aloud—his tears flowed fast and hot over the features of his new friend.

“ Oh ! could I have converted thee, I had not wept. Oh that I might say to thee, ‘ We two shall sup this night in Paradise ! ’ ”

“ It may be so yet,” answered the Greek, with a tremulous voice. “ They whom death part not may meet yet beyond the grave ; on the earth—on the beautiful, the beloved earth, farewell for ever !—Worthy officer, I attend you.”

Glaucus tore himself away ; and when he came forth into the air, its breath, which, though sunless, was hot and arid, smote witheringly upon him. His frame, not yet restored from the effects of the deadly draught, shrank and trembled. The officers supported him.

“ Courage ! ” said one ; “ thou art young, active, well knit. They give thee a weapon ! despair not, and thou mayst yet conquer.”

Glaucus did not reply ; but, ashamed of his infirmity, he made a desperate and convulsive effort, and regained the firmness of his nerves. They anointed his body, completely naked save

by a cincture round the loins, placed the stilus (vain weapon !) in his hand, and led him into the arena.

And now when the Greek saw the eyes of thousands and tens of thousands upon him, he no longer felt that he was mortal. All evidence of fear—all fear itself—was gone. A red and haughty flush spread over the paleness of his features ; he towered aloft to the full of his glorious stature. In the elastic beauty of his limbs and form, in his intent but unfrowning brow, in the high disdain, and in the indomitable soul, which breathed visibly, which spoke audibly, from his attitude, his lip, his eye, he seemed the very incarnation, vivid and corporeal, of the valour of his land—of the divinity of its worship—at once a hero and a god !

The murmur of hatred and horror at his crime, which had greeted his entrance, died into the silence of involuntary admiration and half-compassionate respect ; and with a quick and convulsive sigh, that seemed to move the whole mass of life as if it were one body, the gaze of the spectators turned from the Athenian to a dark uncouth object in the centre of the arena. It was the grated den of the lion !

“ By Venus, how warm it is ! ” said Fulvia ; “ yet there is no sun. Would that those stupid sailors¹ could have fastened up that gap in the awning ! ”

¹ Sailors were generally employed in fastening the *velaria* of the amphitheatre.

“ Oh ! it is warm, indeed. I turn sick—I faint ! ” said the wife of Pansa ; even her experienced stoicism giving way at the struggle about to take place.

The lion had been kept without food for twenty-four hours, and the animal had, during the whole morning, testified a singular and restless uneasiness, which the keeper had attributed to the pangs of hunger. Yet its bearing seemed rather that of fear than of rage ; its roar was painful and distressed ; it hung its head—snuffed the air through the bars—then lay down—started again—and again uttered its wild and far-resounding cries. And now, in its den, it lay utterly dumb and mute, with distended nostrils forced hard against the grating, and disturbing, with a heaving breath, the sand below on the arena.

The editor’s lip quivered, and his cheek grew pale. He looked anxiously around—hesitated—delayed ; the crowd became impatient. Slowly he gave the sign : the keeper, who was behind the den, cautiously removed the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar of release. The keeper hastily retreated through the grated passage leading from the arena, and left the lord of the forest—and his prey.

Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapon raised on high, in the faint hope that *one* well-directed thrust (for

he knew that he should have time but for *one*) might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe.

But, to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal. At the first moment of its release it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upward air with impatient sighs ; then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half-speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape ; once or twice it endeavoured to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on failing, uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. It evinced no sign, either of wrath or hunger ; its tail drooped along the sand, instead of lashing its gaunt sides ; and its eye, though it wandered at times to Glaucus, rolled again listlessly from him. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion soon grew converted into resentment at its cowardice ; and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment.

The editor called to the keeper :—

"How is this? Take the goad, prick him forth, and then close the door of the den."

As the keeper, with some fear but more astonishment, was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances of the arena; there was a confusion, a bustle—voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and suddenly silenced at the reply. All eyes turned, in wonder at the interruption, towards the quarter of the disturbance. The crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair dishevelled—breathless—heated—half-exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily round the ring. "Remove the Athenian," he cried; "haste—he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian—he is the murderer of Apæcides!"

"Art thou mad, O Sallust?" said the prætor, rising from his seat. "What means this raving?"

"Remove the Athenian!—Quick! or his blood be on your head. Prætor, delay, and you answer with your own life to the emperor! I bring with me the eyewitness to the death of the priest Apæcides. Room there!—stand back!—give way! People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces—there he sits! Room there for the priest Calenus!"

Pale, haggard, fresh from the jaws of famine and of death, his face fallen, his eyes dull as a vulture's, his broad frame gaunt as a skeleton—Calenus was supported into the very row in which Arbaces sat. His releasers had given him sparingly

of food, but the chief sustenance that nerved his feeble limbs was revenge !

"The priest Calenus !—Calenus !" cried the mob. "Is it he ? No—it is a dead man !"

"It is the priest Calenus," said the prætor gravely. "What hast thou to say ?"

"Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apæcides, the priest of Isis ; these eyes saw him deal the blow. It is from the dungeon into which he plunged me—it is from the darkness and horror of a death by famine—that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime ! Release the Athenian—he is innocent !"

"It is for this, then, that the lion spared him. A miracle ! a miracle !" cried Pansa.

"A miracle ! a miracle !" shouted the people ; "remove the Athenian—*Arbaces to the lion !*"

And that shout echoed from hill to vale—from coast to sea—" *Arbaces to the lion !* "

"Officers, remove the accused Glaucus—remove, but guard him yet," said the prætor. "The gods lavish their wonders upon this day."

As the prætor gave the word of release, there was a cry of joy—a female voice—a child's voice—and it was of joy ! It rang through the heart of the assembly with electric force—it was touching, it was holy, that child's voice ! And the populace echoed it back with sympathizing congratulation !

"Silence !" said the grave prætor—"who is there ?"

"The blind girl—Nydia," answered Sallust; "it is her hand that has raised Calenus from the grave, and delivered Glaucus from the lion."

"Of this hereafter," said the prætor. "Calenus, priest of Isis, thou accusest Arbaces of the murder of Apæcides?"

"I do."

"Thou didst behold the deed?"

"Prætor—with these eyes——"

"Enough at present—the details must be reserved for more suiting time and place. Arbaces of Egypt, thou hearest the charge against thee—thou hast not yet spoken—what hast thou to say?"

The gaze of the crowd had been long riveted on Arbaces, but not until the confusion which he had betrayed at the first charge of Sallust and the entrance of Calenus had subsided. At the shout, "Arbaces to the lion!" he had indeed trembled, and the dark bronze of his cheek had taken a paler hue. But he had soon recovered his haughtiness and self-control. Proudly he returned the angry glare of the countless eyes around him; and replying now to the question of the prætor, he said, in that accent so peculiarly tranquil and commanding which characterised his tones:

"Prætor, this charge is so mad that it scarcely deserves reply. My first accuser is the noble Sallust—the most intimate friend of Glaucus! my second is a priest. I revere his garb and calling; but,

people of Pompeii! ye know somewhat of the character of Calenus—he is griping and gold-thirsty to a proverb: the witness of such men is to be bought! Prætor, I am innocent!”

“Sallust,” said the magistrate, “where found you Calenus?”

“In the dungeons of Arbaces.”

“Egyptian,” said the prætor, frowning, “thou didst, then, dare to imprison a priest of the gods—and wherefore?”

“Hear me,” answered Arbaces, rising calmly, but with agitation visible in his face. “This man came to threaten that he would make against me the charge he has now made, unless I would purchase his silence with half my fortune. I remonstrated—in vain. Peace there—let not the priest interrupt me! Noble prætor—and ye, O people! I was a stranger in the land; I knew myself innocent of crime; but the witness of a priest against me might yet destroy me. In my perplexity I decoyed him to the cell whence he has been released, on pretence that it was the coffer-house of my gold. I resolved to detain him there until the fate of the true criminal was sealed, and his threats could avail no longer; but I meant no worse. I may have erred—but who amongst ye will not acknowledge the equity of self-preservation? Were I guilty, why was the witness of this priest silent at the trial?—*then* I had not detained or concealed him. Why did he not proclaim my guilt when I

proclaimed that of Glaucus ? Prætor, this needs an answer. For the rest, I throw myself on your laws. I demand their protection. Remove hence the accused and the accuser. I will willingly meet, and cheerfully abide by, the decision of the legitimate tribunal. This is no place for further parley."

"He says right," said the prætor. "Ho ! guards, remove Arbaces—guard Calenus ! Sallust, we hold you responsible for your accusation. Let the sports be resumed."

"What !" cried Calenus, turning round to the people, "shall Isis be thus contemned ? Shall the blood of Apæcides yet cry for vengeance ? Shall justice be delayed now, that it may be frustrated hereafter ! Shall the lion be cheated of his lawful prey ! A god ! a god !—I feel the god rush to my lips ! *To the lion—to the lion with Arbaces !*"

His exhausted frame could support no longer the ferocious malice of the priest ; he sank on the ground in strong convulsions—the foam gathered to his mouth—he was as a man, indeed, whom a supernatural power had entered ! The people saw and shuddered.

"It is a god that inspires the holy man !—*To the lion with the Egyptian !*"

With that cry up sprang—on moved—thousands upon thousands ! They rushed from the heights—they poured down in the direction of the Egyptian. In vain did the ædile command—in vain did the prætor lift his voice and proclaim the law. The

people had been already rendered savage by the exhibition of blood—they thirsted for more—their superstition was aided by their ferocity. Aroused—inflamed by the spectacle of their victims, they forgot the authority of their rulers. It was one of those dread popular convulsions common to crowds wholly ignorant, half free and half servile, and which the peculiar constitution of the Roman provinces so frequently exhibited. The power of the prætor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind ; still, at his word the guards had drawn themselves along the lower benches, on which the upper classes sat separate from the vulgar. They made but a feeble barrier—the waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom ! In despair, and in a terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd—when, right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition—he beheld—and his craft restored his courage !

He stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

“ Behold ! ” he shouted with a voice of thunder, which stilled the roar of the crowd—“ behold how the gods protect the guiltless ! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers ! ”

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapour shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine-tree ; the trunk, blackness—the branches, fire !—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare !

There was a dead, heart-sunken silence—through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which was echoed back from within the building by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow-beast. Dread seers were they of the Burden of the Atmosphere; and wild prophets of the wrath to come !

Then there rose on high the universal shrieks of women ; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet ; the walls of the theatre trembled, and beyond, in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs. An instant more and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent ; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone ! Over the crushing vines—over the desolate streets—over the amphitheatre itself—far and wide—with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea—fell that awful shower !

No longer thought the crowd of justice or of

Arbaces ; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen—amidst groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks—the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly ? Some, anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their more costly goods, and escape while it was yet time ; others, dreading the showers of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds—shelter of any kind—for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker, and larger, and mightier spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon !

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE BULWER, afterwards LORD LYTTON, born in London in 1803, was educated privately and at Cambridge University. In his youth he wrote poetry, since forgotten. After leaving the University he took his place in Society, but in 1827 he made an unfortunate marriage, which caused a quarrel with his mother and cost him the allowance she made him. This loss spurred him on to literary work, and he wrote a number of novels, some plays, poems, and many essays and articles. His novels were very popular in his day. They include *Paul Clifford*, the story of a highwayman ; *Eugene Aram*, the murderer ; the four historical novels, *The*

Last Days of Pompeii, *Rienzi*, *The Last of the Barons*, and *Harold* ; novels of family life, *The Caxtons*, *My Novel*, and *What will he do with it?* His plays are *The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, and *Money*. His poetry was less successful, but a satire, *The New Timon*, attacked the poet Tennyson and caused a violent reply.

As a politician he gained distinction. He entered Parliament in 1831 as a Liberal, but his opinions gradually changed and as a Conservative he was Colonial Secretary under Lord Derby (1858-9).

In 1838 he was made a baronet ; in 1843 he succeeded to his mother's estate and added LYTTON to his surname; in 1866 he was raised to the peerage ; in 1873 he died and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

VI

MR MIDSHIPMAN EASY

JACK EASY's father, a rich but eccentric Hampshire gentleman, had filled the boy's head with curious ideas about the "Equality of man." At school and at sea, as a midshipman on the *Harpy*, he soon found that theories and practice are very different.

Full of courage and high spirits, he licked the bully, and with his friend, Gascoigne, and the black cook, Mesty, who became attached to him, he played many pranks. Scared by the result of one exploit, he set off for Sicily, escaped being murdered on the voyage, was wrecked, happened to arrive at the house of Don Rebiera in time to save him from his enemy, Don Silvio, and became attached to Rebiera's daughter, Agnes.

On return, Jack and Gascoigne were transferred to the *Aurora*, and further escapades and exploits followed. On the coast of Sicily a galley was discovered ashore, and, when the slaves were liberated, Don Silvio was found among them. He banded the slaves together and set off to attack Rebiera's house, with what result may be read here. Jack's love affair was opposed by Friar Thomaso, but Mesty solved the difficulty with unfortunate results for the friar and for Don Silvio. Jack then left the navy and returned home to find his father more eccentric than ever, but, when the father was accidentally killed, Jack bought a privateer and started for Sicily. After further adventures he married Agnes and brought her to England.

THE GALLEY-SLAVES

DON REBIERA and his two sons then returned with all the fire-arms and destructive weapons they could collect.

"We have enough," observed Don Philip, "to arm all the people we have with us."

"And we are all well armed," replied Jack, who had left Agnes standing alone. "What now are your plans?"

"Those we must now consult about. It appears,"—but at this moment the conversation was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Pedro, who had been despatched to the town with the load of wine. He rushed in, flurried and heated, with his red cap in his hand.

"How now, Pedro, back so early!"

"O signor!" exclaimed the man—"they have taken the cart and the wine, and have drawn it away up to the mountains."

"Who?" inquired Don Rebiera.

"The galley-slaves who have been let loose—and by the body of our blessed saint, they have done pretty mischief—they have broken into the houses, robbed everything—murdered many—clothed themselves with the best—collected all the arms, provisions, and wine they could lay their hands on, and have marched away into the

mountains. This took place last night. As I was coming down within a mile of the town, they met me with my loaded cart, and they turned the bullocks round and drove them away along with the rest. By the blessed Virgin! but they are stained with blood, but not altogether of men, for they have cut up some of the oxen. I heard this from one of the herdsmen, but he too fled and could not tell me more. But, signor, I heard them mention your name."

"I have no doubt of it," replied Don Rebiera. "As for the wine, I only hope they will drink too much of it to-night. But, Pedro, they will be here, and we must defend ourselves—so call the men together; I must speak to them."

"We shall never see the bullocks again," observed Pedro mournfully.

"No; but we shall never see one another again, if we do not take care. I have information they come here to-night."

Holy Saint Francis! and they say there are a ousand of them."

"Not quite so many, to my knowledge," observed Jack.

"They told me that a great many were killed in their attack upon the town, before they mastered it."

"So much the better. Go now, Pedro, drink a cup of wine, and then call the other men."

The house was barricaded as well as circumstances

would permit ; the first story was also made a fortress by loading the landing-place with armoires and chests of drawers. The upper story, or attic, if it might be so called, was defended in the same way, that they might retreat from one to the other if the doors were forced.

It was eight o'clock in the evening before all was ready, and they were still occupied with the last defence, under the superintendence of Mesty, who showed himself an able engineer, when they heard the sound of an approaching multitude. They looked out of one of the windows and perceived the house surrounded by the galley-slaves, in number, apparently, about a hundred. They were all dressed in a most fantastic manner with whatever they could pick up : some had fire-arms, but the most of them were supplied with only swords or knives. With them came also their cortege of plunder : carts of various descriptions, loaded with provisions of all sorts, and wine ; women lashed down with ropes, sails from the vessels and boats to supply them with covering in the mountains, hay and straw and mattresses. Their plunder appeared to be well chosen for their exigencies. To the carts were tied a variety of cattle, intended to accompany them to their retreat. They all appeared to be under a leader, who was issuing directions—that leader was soon recognised by those in the house to be Don Silvio.

“ Massa Easy, you show me dat man ? ” said

Mesty, when he heard the conversation between Easy and the Rebieras ; " only let me know him."

" Do you see him there, Mesty, walking down in front of those men ? he has a musket in his hand, a jacket with silver buttons, and white trousers."

" Yes, Massa Easy, me see him well—let me look little more—dat enough."

The galley-slaves appeared to be very anxious to surround the house that no one should escape, and Don Silvio was arranging the men.

" Ned," said Jack, " let us show him that we are here. He said that he would acquaint Don Rebiera with our arrival—let us prove to him that he is too late."

" It would not be a bad plan," replied Gascoigne ; " if it were possible that these fellows had any gratitude among them, some of them might relent at the idea of attacking those who saved them."

" Not a bit ; but it will prove to them that there are more in the house than they think for ; and we can frighten some of them by telling them that the soldiers are near at hand."

Jack immediately threw up the casement, and called out in a loud voice, " Don Silvio ! galley-slave ! Don Silvio ! "

The party hailed turned round, and beheld Jack, Gascoigne, and Mesty, standing at the window of the upper floor.

" We have saved you the trouble of announcing

us," called out Gascoigne. "We are here to receive you."

"And in three hours the troops will be here, so you must be quick, Don Silvio," continued Jack.

"*A revealer la,*" continued Gascoigne, letting fly his pistol at Don Silvio.

The window was then immediately closed. The appearance of our heroes, and their communication of the speedy arrival of the troops, was not without effect. The criminals trembled at the idea; Don Silvio was mad with rage—he pointed out to the men the necessity of immediate attack—the improbability of the troops arriving so soon, and the wealth which he expected was locked up by Don Rebiera in his mansion. This rallied them, and they advanced to the doors, which they attempted to force without success, losing several men by the occasional fire from those within the house. Finding their efforts, after half an hour's repeated attempts, to be useless, they retreated, and then bringing up a long piece of timber, which required sixty men to carry it, they ran with it against the door, and the weight and impetus of the timber drove it off its hinges, and an entrance was obtained. By this time it was dark, the lower story had been abandoned, but the barricade at the head of the stairs opposed their progress. Convenient loop-holes had been prepared by the defenders, who now opened a smart

fire upon the assailants, the latter having no means of returning it effectually, had they had ammunition for their muskets, which fortunately they had not been able to procure. The combat now became fierce, and the galley-slaves were several times repulsed with great loss during a contest of two hours; but, encouraged by Don Silvio, and refreshed by repeated draughts of wine, they continued by degrees removing the barriers opposed to them.

"We shall have to retreat!" exclaimed Don Rebiera; "very soon they will have torn down all. What do you think, Signor Easy?"

"Hold this as long as we can. How are we off for ammunition?"

"Plenty as yet—plenty to last for six hours, I think."

"What do you say, Mesty?"

"By holy St. Patrig—I say hold out here—they got no fire-arms—and we ab um at arm-length."

This decision was the occasion of the first defence being held for two hours more, an occasional relief being afforded by the retreat of the convicts to the covered carts.

At last, it was evident that the barricade was no longer tenable, for the heavy pieces of furniture they had heaped up to oppose entrance were completely hammered to fragments by poles brought up by the assailants, and used as battering-rams. The retreat was sounded; they all hastened to the other story, where the ladies were already

placed, and the galley-slaves were soon in possession of the first floor—exasperated by the defence, mad with wine and victory, but finding nothing.

Again was the attack made upon the second landing, but, as the stairs were now narrower, and their defences stronger in proportion, they for a long while gained no advantage. On the contrary, many of their men were wounded and taken down below.

The darkness of the night prevented both parties from seeing distinctly, which was rather in favour of the assailants. Many climbed over the fortress of piled-up furniture, and were killed as soon as they appeared on the other side, and, at last, the only ammunition used was against those who made this rash attempt. For four long hours did this assault and defence continue, until daylight came, and then the plan of assault was altered: they again brought up the poles, hammered the pieces of furniture into fragments, and gained ground. The defenders were worn out with fatigue, but flinched not; they knew that their lives, and the lives of those dearest to them, were at stake, and they never relaxed their exertions; still the criminals, with Silvio at their head, progressed, the distance between the parties gradually decreased, and there was but one massive chest of drawers now defending the landing-place, and over which there was a constant succession of

blows from long poles and cutlasses, returned with the bullets from their pistols.

"We must now fight for our lives," exclaimed Gascoigne to Easy, "for what else can we do?"

"Do?—get on the roof and fight there, then," replied Jack.

"By-the-bye, that's well thought of, Jack," said Gascoigne. "Mesty, up and see if there is any place we can retreat to in case of need."

Mesty hastened to obey, and soon returned with a report that there was a trap-door leading into the loft under the roof, and that they could draw the ladder up after them.

"Then we may laugh at them," cried Jack. "Mesty, stay here while I and Gascoigne assist the ladies up," explaining to the Rebieras and to their domestics why they went.

Easy and Gascoigne hastened to the signora and Agnes, conducted them up the ladder into the loft, and requested them to have no fear; they then returned to the defences on the stairs, and joined their companions. They found them hard pressed, and that there was little chance of holding out much longer; but the stairs were narrow, and the assailants could not bring their force against them. But now, as the defences were nearly destroyed, although the convicts could not reach them with their knives, they brought up a large supply of heavy stones, which they threw with great force and execution. Two of Don Rebiera's

men and Don Martin were struck down, and this new weapon proved most fatal.

"We must retreat, Jack," said Gascoigne, "the stones can do no harm where we are going to. What think you, Don Philip?"

"I agree with you; let those who are wounded be first carried up, and then we will follow."

This was effected, and as soon as the wounded men were carried up the ladder, and the arms taken up to prevent their falling into the hands of their assailants, for they were now of little use to them, the ammunition being exhausted, the whole body went into the large room which contained the trap-door of the loft, and, as soon as they were up, they drew the ladder after them. They had hardly effected this, when they were followed with the yells and shoutings of the galley-slaves, who had passed the last barriers, and thought themselves sure of their prey: but they were disappointed—they found them more secure than ever.

Nothing could exceed the rage of Don Silvio at the protracted resistance of the party, and the security of their retreat. To get at them was impossible, so he determined to set fire to the room, and suffocate them, if he could do no otherwise. He gave his directions to his men, who rushed down for straw, but in so doing he carelessly passed under the trap-door, and Mesty, who had carried up with him two or three of the stones, dashed one down on the head of Don Silvio, who

fell immediately. He was carried away, but his orders were put in execution ; the room was filled with straw and fodder, and lighted. The effects were soon felt. The trap-door had been shut, but the heat and smoke burst through ; after a time, the planks and rafters took fire, and their situation was terrible. A small trap-window in the roof, on the side of the house was knocked open, and gave them a temporary relief ; but now the rafters burned and crackled, and the smoke burst on them in thick columns. They could not see and with difficulty could breathe. Fortunately the room below that which had been fired was but one out of four on the attics, and, as the loft they were in spread over the whole of the roof, they were able to remove far from it. The house was slated with massive slate of some hundredweight each, and it was not found possible to remove them so as to give air, although frequent attempts were made. Donna Rebiera sank exhausted in the arms of her husband, and Agnes fell into those of our hero, who, enveloped in the smoke, kissed her again and again ; and she, poor girl, thinking that they must all inevitably perish, made no scruple, in what she supposed her last moment, of returning these proofs of her ardent attachment.

“ Massa Easy, help me here—Massa Gascoigne, come here. Now heab wid all your might : when we get one off we get plenty.”

Summoned by Mesty, Jack and Gascoigne put their shoulders to one of the lower slates ; it yielded—was disengaged, and slid down with a loud rattling below. The ladies were brought to it, and their heads put outside ; they soon recovered ; and now that they had removed one, they found no difficulty in removing others. In a few minutes they were all with their heads in the open air, but still the house was on fire below, and they had no chance of escape. It was while they were debating upon this point, and consulting as to their chance of safety, that a breeze of wind wafted the smoke that issued from the roof away from them, and they beheld the detachment of troops making up to the house ; a loud cheer was given, and attracted the notice of the soldiers. They perceived Easy and his companions ; the house was surrounded and entered in an instant.

The galley-slaves, who were in the house searching for the treasure reported by Don Silvio to be concealed, were captured or killed, and in five minutes the troops had possession. But how to assist those above was the difficulty. The room below was in flames, and burning fiercely. There were no ladders that could reach so high, and there were no means of getting to them. The commandant made signs from below, as if to ask what he was to do.

“ I see no chance,” observed Don Philip mournfully. “ Easy, my dear fellow, and you, Gascoigne,

I am sorry that the feuds of our family should have brought you to such a dreadful death ; but what can be done ? ”

“ I don’t know,” replied Jack, “ unless we could get ropes.”

“ You quite sure, Massa Easy, that all galley-rascals below gone ? ” asked Mesty.

“ Yes,” replied Easy, “ you may see that ; look at some of them bound there, under charge of the soldiers.”

“ Den, sar, I tink it high time we go too.”

“ So do I, Mesty ; but how ? ”

“ How ? Stop a little.”

“ Come, help me, Massa Easy ; dis board (for the loft was floored) is loose, come help, all of you.”

They all went, and with united strength pulled up the board.

“ Now strike like——!—and drive down de plaster,” said Mesty, commencing the operation.

In a few minutes they had beaten an opening into one of the rooms below not on fire, pulled up another board, and Mesty having fetched the ladder, they all descended in safety, and, to the astonishment of the commandant of the troops, walked out of the door of the house, those who had been stunned with the stones having so far recovered as to require little assistance.

The soldiers shouted as they saw them appear, supporting the females. The commanding officer, who was an intimate friend of Don Philip, flew to

his arms. The prisoners were carefully examined by Mesty, and Don Silvio was not among them. He might, however, be among the dead who were left in the house, which now began to burn furiously. The galley-slaves who were captured amounted in number to forty-seven. Their dead they could not count. The major part of the plunder and the carts were still where they had been drawn up.

As soon as the culprits had been secured, the attention of the troops was directed to putting out the flames, but their attempts were ineffectual; the mansion was burned to the bare walls, and but little of the furniture saved; indeed, the major part of it had been destroyed in the attack made by Don Silvio and his adherents.

Leaving directions with Pedro and his people, that the property collected by the miscreants should be restored to the owners, Don Rebiera ordered the horses, and with the whole party put himself under the protection of the troops, who, as soon as they had been refreshed, and taken some repose, bent their way back to Palermo with the galley-slaves, bound and linked together in a long double row.

They halted when they had gone half-way, and remained for the night. The next day, at noon, Don Rebiera and his family were once more in their palazzo, and our two midshipmen and Mesty took their leave, and repaired on board to make themselves a little less like chimney-sweepers.

FREDERICK MARRYAT was born at Westminster in 1792. Always fond of the sea, he entered the navy at the age of fourteen, and under Lord Cochrane in the *Impérieuse* his first experiences (on the coast of Spain and in the Mediterranean in the Peninsular War) were full of action and incident. Later he took part in the Walcheren expedition and saw service in the West Indies. As a Commander he cruised off St. Helena to prevent the escape of Napoleon. In 1824 he distinguished himself in the Burmese War and was rewarded by being made a Captain and a Companion of the Bath. In 1830 he retired from the Navy and devoted himself to the writing of novels in which he was able to make use of his many adventures and so to produce rollicking and stirring stories of the sea. *Mr. Midshipman Easy* is one of these, and it abounds in daring exploits and mischievous fun. Among others are, *The King's Own*, *Peter Simple*, *Jacob Faithful*, *The Pirate and the Three Cutters*, *Snarley-yow*, and *The Phantom Ship*. Other books which were intended especially for the young are *Masterman Ready*, and *The Children of the New Forest*. In later life experiments in farming absorbed much of the profits earned by his writings. He died in 1848.

VII

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

THE narrator of this gruesome story, having swooned at his trial before the Spanish Inquisition, awoke to find himself in a dungeon in utter darkness. Fearful lest he should have been buried alive, he dared not move, but at last he rose and touched the seeming masonry of the wall. To discover the size of the dungeon he tore off a strip of his serge gown, placed it on the slippery floor, and began to grope his way round, counting his paces. At the forty-eighth he stumbled and fell, and in weariness slept where he lay. On awaking, he fed on the bread and water placed at his side, and resumed his journey, counting another fifty-two paces before he reached the strip. Now he determined to walk across his cell. He started firmly but, tripped by the ragged edge of his garment, fell—to find that his head was hanging over an evil-smelling pit of great depth. Back he crept to the wall and at length fell asleep again. When at last he awoke, he was able to see his prison, which was much smaller than he had thought, for, instead of continuing his journey round the walls, he had retraced his steps. The dungeon was roughly square with metal walls daubed with hideous designs, and in the centre was the pit from which he had escaped.

Now the story continues.

THE PENDULUM

I NOW lay upon my back, and at full length, on a species of low framework of wood. To this I was securely bound by a long strap resembling a surcingle. It passed in many convolutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent, that I could, by dint of much exertion, supply myself with food from an earthen dish which lay by my side on the floor. I saw, to my horror, that the pitcher had been removed. I say to my horror—for I was consumed with intolerable thirst. This thirst it appeared to be the design of my persecutors to stimulate—for the food in the dish was meat pungently seasoned.

Looking upward, I surveyed the ceiling of my prison. It was some thirty or forty feet overhead, and constructed much as the side walls. In one of its panels a very singular figure riveted my whole attention. It was the painted figure of Time as he is commonly represented, save that, in lieu of a scythe, he held what, at a casual glance, I supposed to be the pictured image of a huge pendulum, such as we see on antique clocks. There was something, however, in the appearance of this machine which caused me to regard it more attentively. While I gazed directly upward at it (for its position was immediately over my own), I fancied that I saw

it in motion. In an instant afterward the fancy was confirmed. Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it for some minutes, somewhat in fear but more in wonder. Wearied at length with observing its dull movement, I turned my eyes upon the other objects in the cell.

A slight noise attracted my notice, and, looking to the floor, I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from the well which lay just within view to my right. Even then, while I gazed, they came up in troops, hurriedly, with ravenous eyes, allured by the scent of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away.

It might have been half an hour, perhaps even an hour (for I could take but imperfect note of time), before I again cast my eyes upward. What I then saw confounded and amazed me. The sweep of the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence its velocity was also much greater. But what mainly disturbed me was the idea that it had perceptibly *descended*. I now observed, with what horror it is needless to say, that its nether extremity was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length, from horn to horn; the horns upward, and the under edge evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also, it seemed massive and heavy, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structure above. It was appended to a weighty rod of

brass, and the whole *hissed* as it swung through the air.

I could no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture. My cognisance of the pit had become known to the inquisitorial agents—the *pit*, whose horrors had been destined for so bold a recusant as myself—the *pit*, typical of hell and regarded by rumour as the Ultima Thule of all their punishments. The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of accidents, and I knew that surprise, or entrapment into torment, formed an important portion of all the grotesquerie of these dungeon deaths. Having failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss, and thus (there being no alternative) a different and a milder destruction awaited me. Milder! I half smiled in my agony as I thought of such application of such a term.

What boots it to tell of the long, long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing oscillations of the steel! Inch by inch—line by line—with a descent only appreciable at intervals that seemed ages—down and still down it came! Days passed—it might have been that many days passed—ere it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odour of the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils. I prayed—I wearied Heaven with my prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically mad, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep

of the fearful scimitar. And then I fell suddenly calm, and lay smiling at the glittering death, as a child at some rare bauble.

There was another interval of utter insensibility ; it was brief ; for upon again lapsing into life, there had been no perceptible descent in the pendulum. But it might have been long—for I know there were demons who took note of my swoon, and who could have arrested the vibration at pleasure. Upon my recovery, too, I felt very—oh ! inexpressibly—sick and weak, as if through long inanition. Even amid the agonies of that period the human nature craved food. With painful effort I outstretched my left arm as far as my bonds permitted, and took possession of the small remnant which had been spared me by the rats. As I put a portion of it within my lips, there rushed to my mind a half-formed thought of joy—of hope. Yet what business had I with hope ? It was, as I say, a half-formed thought—man has many such, which are never completed. I felt that it was of joy—of hope ; but I felt also that it had perished in its formation. In vain I struggled to perfect—to regain it. Long suffering had nearly annihilated all my ordinary powers of mind. I was an imbecile—an idiot.

The vibration of the pendulum was at right angles to my length. I saw that the crescent was designed to cross the region of the heart. It would fray the serge of my robe—it would return and repeat its operations—again—and again. Notwithstanding

its terrifically wide sweep (some thirty feet or more), and the hissing vigour of its descent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of my robe would be all that, for several minutes, it would accomplish. And at this thought I paused. I dared not go further than this reflection. I dwelt upon it with a pertinacity of attention—as if, in so dwelling, I could arrest *here* the descent of the steel. I forced myself to ponder upon the sound of the crescent as it should pass across the garment—upon the peculiar thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth produces on the nerves. I pondered over all this frivolity until my teeth were on edge.

Down—steadily down it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right—to the left—far and wide—with the shriek of a damned spirit! to my heart, with the stealthy pace of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled, as the one or the other idea grew predominant.

Down—certainly, relentlessly down! It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently—furiously—to free my left arm. This was free only from the elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter, from the platter beside me, to my mouth, with great effort, but no farther. Could I have broken the fastenings above the elbow, I would have seized and attempted to arrest the pendulum. I might as well have attempted to arrest an avalanche!

Down—still unceasingly—still inevitably down ! I gasped and struggled at each vibration. I shrank convulsively at its every sweep. My eyes followed its outward or upward whirls with the eagerness of the most unmeaning despair ; they closed themselves spasmodically at the descent, although death would have been a relief, oh, how unspeakable ! Still I quivered in every nerve to think how slight a sinking of the machinery would precipitate that keen, glistening axe upon my bosom. It was *hope* that prompted the nerve to quiver—the frame to shrink. It was *hope*—the hope that triumphs on the rack—that whispers to the death-condemned even in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

I saw that some ten or twelve vibrations would bring the steel in actual contact with my robe, and with this observation there suddenly came over my spirit all the keen, collected calmness of despair. For the first time during many hours, or perhaps days, *I thought*. It now occurred to me, that the bandage, or surcingle, which enveloped me, was *unique*. I was tied by no separate cord. The first stroke of the razor-like crescent athwart any portion of the band would so detach it that it might be unwound from my person by means of my left hand. But how fearful, in that case, the proximity of the steel ! The result of the slightest struggle, how deadly ! Was it likely, moreover, that the minions of the torturer had not foreseen and provided for this possibility ? Was it probable

that the bandage crossed my bosom in the track of the pendulum? Dreading to find my faint and, as it seemed, my last hope frustrated, I so far elevated my head as to obtain a distinct view of my breast. The surcingle enveloped my limbs and body close in all directions—*save in the path of the destroying crescent.*

Scarcely had I dropped my head back into its original position, when there flashed upon my mind what I cannot better describe than as the unformed half of that idea of deliverance to which I have previously alluded, and of which a moiety only floated indeterminately through my brain when I raised food to my burning lips. The whole thought was now present—feeble, scarcely sane, scarcely definite—but still entire. I proceeded at once, with the nervous energy of despair, to attempt its execution.

For many hours the immediate vicinity of the low framework upon which I lay had been literally swarming with rats. They were wild, bold, ravenous—their red eyes glaring upon me as if they waited but for motionlessness on my part to make me their prey. “To what food,” I thought, “have they been accustomed in the well?”

They had devoured, in spite of all my efforts to prevent them, all but a small remnant of the contents of the dish. I had fallen into an habitual see-saw or wave of the hand about the platter; and, at length, the unconscious uniformity of the

movement deprived it of effect. In their voracity, the vermin frequently fastened their sharp fangs in my fingers. With the particles of the oily and spicy viand which now remained, I thoroughly rubbed the bandage wherever I could reach it ; then, raising my hand from the floor, I lay breathlessly still.

At first, the ravenous animals were startled and terrified at the change—at the cessation of movement. They shrank alarmedly back ; many sought the well. But this was only for a moment. I had not counted in vain upon their voracity. Observing that I remained without motion, one or two of the boldest leaped upon the framework, and smelt at the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they hurried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood—they overran it, and leaped in hundreds upon my person. The measured movement of the pendulum disturbed them not at all. Avoiding its strokes, they busied themselves with the anointed bandage. They pressed—they swarmed upon me in ever accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat ; their cold lips sought my own ; I was half stifled by their thronging pressure ; disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled my bosom, and chilled, with a heavy clamminess, my heart. Yet one minute, and I felt that the struggle would be over. Plainly I perceived the loosening of the bandage. I knew that in more than one place it

must be already severed. With a more than human resolution I lay *still*.

Nor had I erred in my calculations—nor had I endured in vain. I at length felt that I was *free*. The surcingle hung in ribbons from my body. But the stroke of the pendulum already pressed upon my bosom. It had divided the serge of the robe. It had cut through the linen beneath. Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve. But the moment of escape had arrived. At a wave of my hand my deliverers hurried tumultuously away. With a steady movement—cautious, sidelong, shrinking, and slow—I slid from the embrace of the bandage, and beyond the reach of the scimitar. For the moment, at least, *I was free*.

Free!—and in the grasp of the Inquisition! I had scarcely stepped from my wooden bed of horror upon the stone floor of the prison, when the motion of the hellish machine ceased, and I beheld it drawn up, by some invisible force, through the ceiling. This was a lesson which I took desperately to heart. My every motion was undoubtedly watched. Free!—I had but escaped death in one form of agony, to be delivered unto worse than death in some other. With that thought I rolled my eyes nervously around on the barriers of iron that hemmed me in. Something unusual—some change, which, at first, I could not appreciate distinctly—it was obvious, had taken place in the apartment.

For many minutes of a dreamy and trembling abstraction, I busied myself in vain, unconnected conjecture. During this period, I became aware, for the first time, of the origin of the sulphurous light which illumined the cell. It proceeded from a fissure about half an inch in width, extending entirely around the prison at the base of the walls, which thus appeared, and were completely separated from the floor. I endeavoured, but of course in vain, to look through the aperture.

As I arose from the attempt, the mystery of the alteration in the chamber broke at once upon my understanding. I have observed that although the outlines of the figures upon the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colours seemed blurred and indefinite. These colours had now assumed, and were momentarily assuming, a startling and most intense brilliancy, that gave to the spectral and fiendish portraitures an aspect that might have thrilled even firmer nerves than my own. Demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity glared upon me in a thousand directions, where none had been visible before, and gleamed with the lurid lustre of a fire that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal.

Unreal!—Even while I breathed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapour of heated iron! A suffocating odour pervaded the prison! A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson

diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood ! I panted ! I gasped for breath ! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormentors !—oh ! most unrelenting ! oh ! most demoniac of men ! I shrank from the glowing metal to the centre of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced—it wrestled its way into my soul—it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. Oh ! for a voice to speak !—oh ! horror !—oh ! any horror but this ! With a shriek, I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands—weeping bitterly.

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as with a fit of the ague. There had been a second change in the cell—and now the change was obviously in the *form*. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavoured to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The Inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my two-fold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute—two, consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference

quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here,—I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. “Death,” I said, “any death but that of the pit!” Fool! might I not have known that *into the pit* it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its centre, and of course its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back—but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my scared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink—I averted my eyes—

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell, fainting, into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, the American author of *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*, was born in 1809. His parents, who were actors, died when he was very young, and he was brought up by John Allan, a rich tobacco-merchant of Richmond, Virginia. At school and at the university he excelled in athletic sports but developed habits of gambling and strong drink which eventually caused quarrels with his guardian. In 1827 he enlisted in the United States Army, became a Sergeant-major, and in 1829 his guardian secured his entrance to the academy for officers at West Point. His conduct here was unsatisfactory, and he was court-martialled and dismissed. He now lived in poverty, till in 1833 he won a prize of a hundred dollars for a story, *MS. found in a Bottle*. From now till his death in 1849, he was employed constantly on various magazines, but recurring attacks of craving for drink marred his success and brought him to an early grave.

He is remembered especially for his poems, a mere handful, of which *The Raven* and *The Bells* will never be forgotten, and for his *Tales*. Of these read *The Gold-Bug*, a story of cryptogram and buried treasure; *The Cask of Amontillado*, *The Descent into the Maelstrom*, and those fore-runners of the modern detective novel, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, and *The Mystery of Marie Roget*.

VIII

MRS. BOTHERBY'S STORY FROM "THE
INGOLDSBY LEGENDS"

THIS is an amusing, though tragic, legend of witchcraft in the early seventeenth century.

Master Thomas Marsh of Marston Hall, a man of considerable wealth, was married to a Spanish lady. She, either anxious to possess her husband's money or tired of him, was conspiring with the Leech of Folkestone, one Erasmus Buckthorne, to bewitch Thomas and to cause his death by maltreating a waxen image made in his likeness.

When Marsh complained of pains, the Leech advised exercise ; so Thomas rode off with his servant to buy fat ewes from Master Cobb of Brenzet, while the Leech joined Mistress Marsh to continue their wicked work. But little Marian Marsh had hidden herself in the room and watched them, and, as they neglected to lock up the cupboard, she carried away the image, thinking it a doll, and pulled out the pins as the clock struck one. Meanwhile Master Marsh had chanced upon a village fair and was watching a mountebank, who was amusing and hoaxing the yokels, until his master, the illustrious Doctor Aldrovando, entered on the scene to address Thomas, as we read here.

Master Marsh was found the next morning in a bedraggled condition that was attributed to drink, but, on returning home, he found that his wife had disappeared with the handsome page.

The Leech was never seen again.

THE LEECH OF FOLKESTONE

SHORT in stature and spare in form, the sage had somewhat increased the former by a steeple-crowned hat adorned with a cock's feather ; while the thick shoulder-padding of a quilted doublet, surmounted by a falling band, added a little to his personal importance in point of breadth. His habit was composed throughout of black serge, relieved with scarlet slashes in the sleeves and trunks ; red was the feather in his hat, red were the roses in his shoes, which rejoiced moreover in a pair of red heels. The lining of a short cloak of faded velvet, that hung transversely over his left shoulder, was also red. Indeed, from all that we could ever see or hear, this agreeable alternation of red and black appears to be the mixture of colours most approved at the court of Beelzebub, and the one most generally adopted by his friends and favourites. His features were sharp and shrewd, and a fire sparkled in his keen grey eye, much at variance with the wrinkles that ran their irregular furrows above his prominent and bushy brows. He had advanced slowly from behind his screen while the attention of the multitude was absorbed by the pyrotechnics of Mr. Merryman, and stationing himself at the extreme corner of the stage, stood quietly leaning on a crutch-handle walking-

staff of blackest ebony, his glance steadily fixed on the face of Marsh, from whose countenance the amusement he had insensibly begun to derive had not succeeded in removing all traces of bodily pain.

For a while the latter was unobservant of the inquisitorial survey with which he was regarded ; the eyes of the parties, however, at length met. The brown mare had a fine shoulder ; she stood pretty nearly sixteen hands. Marsh himself, though slightly bowed by ill-health and the " coming autumn " of life, was full six feet in height. His elevation giving him an unobstructed view over the heads of the pedestrians, he had naturally fallen into the rear of the assembly, which brought him close to the diminutive Doctor, with whose face, despite the red heels, his own was about upon a level.

" And what makes Master Marsh here ? what sees he in the mummeries of a miserable buffoon to divert him when his life is in jeopardy ? " said a shrill cracked voice that sounded as in his very ear. It was the Doctor who spoke.

" Knowest thou me, friend ? " said Marsh, scanning with awakened interest the figure of his questioner : " I call thee not to mind ; and yet—stay, where have we met ? "

" It skills not to declare," was the answer ; " suffice it we *have* met—in other climes perchance—and now meet happily again—happily at least for thee."

"Why truly the trick of thy countenance reminds me of somewhat I have seen before ; where or when I know not : but what wouldst thou with me?"

"Nay, rather, what wouldst thou here, Thomas Marsh ? What wouldst thou on the Frith of Aldington ? Is it a score or two of paltry sheep ? or is it something *nearer to thy heart ?*"

Marsh started as the last words were pronounced with more than common significance : a pang shot through him at the moment, and the vinegar aspect of the charlatan seemed to relax into a smile half compassionate, half sardonic.

"Grammercy," quoth Marsh, after a long-drawn breath, "what knowest thou of me, fellow, or of my concerns ? What knowest thou——"

"This know I, Master Thomas Marsh," said the stranger gravely, "that thy life is even now perilled, evil practices are against thee ; but no matter, thou art quit for the nonce—other hands than mine have saved thee ! Thy pains are over. Hark ! *the clock strikes One !*" As he spoke, a single toll from the bell-tower of Bilsington came, wafted by the western breeze, over the thick-set and lofty oaks which intervened between the Frith and what had been once a priory. Doctor Aldrovando turned as the sound came floating on the wind, and was moving, as if half in anger, towards the other side of the stage, where the mountebank, his fires extinct, was now disgorging to the admiring crowd yard after yard of gaudy-coloured riband.

"Stay! Nay, prithee stay!" cried Marsh, eagerly, "I was wrong; in faith I was. A change, and that a sudden and most marvellous, hath indeed come over me; I am free; I breathe again; I feel as though a load of years had been removed; and, is it possible?—hast thou done this?"

"Thomas Marsh!" said the Doctor, pausing, and turning for the moment on his heel, "I have *not*: I repeat, that other and more innocent hands than mine have done this deed. Nevertheless, heed my counsel well! Thou art parlously encompassed; I, and I only, have the means of relieving thee. Follow thy courses; pursue thy journey; but as thou valuest life and more than life, be at the foot of yonder woody knoll what time the rising moon throws her first beam upon the bare and blighted summit that towers above its trees."

He crossed abruptly to the opposite quarter of the scaffolding, and was in an instant deeply engaged in listening to those whom the cow's horn had attracted, and in prescribing for their real or fancied ailments. Vain were all Marsh's efforts again to attract his notice; it was evident that he studiously avoided him; and when, after an hour or more spent in useless endeavour, he saw the object of his anxiety seclude himself once more within his canvas screen, he rode slowly and thoughtfully off the field.

What should he do? Was the man a mere quack?

an impostor ? His name thus obtained ! that might be easily done. But then, his secret griefs : the Doctor's knowledge of them ; their cure ; for he felt that his pains were gone, his healthful feelings restored !

True : Aldrovando, if that were his name, had disclaimed all co-operation in his recovery ; but he knew, or he at least announced it. Nay, more ; he had hinted that he was yet in jeopardy ; that practices—and the chord sounded strangely in unison with one that had before vibrated within him—that practices were in operation against his life. It was enough ! he would keep tryst with the Conjuror, if conjurer he were ; and, at least, ascertain who and what he was, and how he had become acquainted with his own person and secret afflictions.

When the late Mr. Pitt was determined to keep out Buonaparte, and prevent his gaining a settlement in the county of Kent, among other ingenious devices adopted for that purpose, he caused to be constructed what was then, and has ever since been conventionally termed a “Military Canal.” This is not a very practicable ditch, some thirty feet wide, and nearly nine feet deep, in the middle, extending from the town and port of Hithe to within a mile of the town and port of Rye, a distance of about twenty miles ; and forming, as it were, the cord of a bow, the arc of which constitutes that remote fifth quarter of the globe spoken of by

travellers. Trivial objections to the plan were made at the time by cavillers ; an old gentleman of the neighbourhood, who proposed as a cheap substitute, to put down his own cocked-hat upon a pole, was deservedly pooh-pooh'd down ; in fact, the job, though rather an expensive one, was found to answer remarkably well. The French managed, indeed, to scramble over the Rhine, and the Rhone, and other insignificant currents ; but they never did, or could, pass Mr. Pitt's " Military Canal." At no great distance from the centre of this cord rises abruptly a sort of woody promontory, in shape almost conical ; its sides covered with thick underwood, above which is seen a bare and brown summit rising like an Alp in miniature. The " defence of the nation " not being then in existence, Master Marsh met with no obstruction in reaching this place of appointment long before the time prescribed.

So much, indeed, was his mind occupied by his adventure and extraordinary cure, that his original design had been abandoned, and Master Cobbe remained unvisited. A rude hostel in the neighbourhood furnished entertainment for man and horse ; and here, a full hour before the rising of the moon, he left Ralph and the other beasts, proceeding to his rendezvous on foot and alone.

" You are punctual, Master Marsh," squeaked the shrill voice of the Doctor, issuing from the

thicket as the first silvery gleam trembled on the aspens above.

" 'Tis well : now follow me, and in silence."

The first part of the command Marsh hesitated not to obey ; the second was more difficult of observance.

" Who and what are you ? Whither are you leading me ? " burst not unnaturally from his lips ; but all question was at once cut short by the peremptory tones of his guide.

" Hush ! I say ; your finger on your lip, there be hawks abroad ; follow me, and that silently and quickly." The little man turned as he spoke, and led the way through a scarcely perceptible path, or track, which wound among the underwood. The lapse of a few minutes brought them to the door of a low building, so hidden by the surrounding trees that few would have suspected its existence. It was a cottage of rather extraordinary dimensions, but consisting of only one floor. No smoke rose from its solitary chimney ; no cheering ray streamed from its single window, which was, however, secured by a shutter of such thickness as to preclude the possibility of any stray beam issuing from within. The exact size of the building it was, in that uncertain light, difficult to distinguish, a portion of it seeming buried in the wood behind. The door gave way on the application of a key, and Marsh followed his conductor resolutely, but cautiously, along a narrow passage, feebly lighted

by a small taper that winked and twinkled at its farther extremity. The Doctor, as he approached, raised it from the ground, and, opening an adjoining door, ushered his guest into the room beyond.

It was a large and oddly furnished apartment, insufficiently lighted by an iron lamp that hung from the roof, and scarcely illumined the walls and angles, which seemed to be composed of some dark-coloured wood. On one side, however, Master Marsh could discover an article bearing strong resemblance to a coffin ; on the other was a large oval mirror in an ebony frame, and in the midst of the floor was described, in red chalk, a double circle, about six feet in diameter, its inner verge inscribed with sundry hieroglyphics, agreeably relieved at intervals with an alternation of skulls and cross-bones. In the very centre was deposited one skull of such surpassing size and thickness as would have filled the soul of a Spurzheim or De Ville with wonderment. A large book, a naked sword, an hour-glass, a chafing-dish, and a black cat, completed the list of movables ; with the exception of a couple of tapers which stood on each side of the mirror, and which the strange gentleman now proceeded to light from the one in his hand. As they flared up with what Marsh thought a most unnatural brilliancy, he perceived, reflected in the glass behind, a dial suspended over the coffin-like article already mentioned : the hand was fast

verging towards the hour of nine. The eyes of the little Doctor seemed riveted on the horologe.

"Now strip thee, Master Marsh, and that quickly: untruss, I say! discard thy boots, doff doublet and hose, and place thyself incontinent in yonder bath."

The visitor cast his eyes again upon the formidable-looking article, and perceived that it was nearly filled with water. A cold bath, at such an hour and under such auspices, was anything but inviting: he hesitated, and turned his eyes alternately on the Doctor and the Black Cat.

"Trifle not the time, man, an you be wise," said the former. "Passion of my heart! let but yon minute-hand reach the hour, and thou not immersed, thy life were not worth a pin's fee!"

The Black Cat gave vent to a single mew,—a most unnatural sound for a mouser,—it seemed as it were mewed through a cow's horn.

"Quick, Master Marsh! uncase, or you perish!" repeated his strange host, throwing as he spoke a handful of some dingy-looking powders into the brasier.—"Behold, the attack 'is begun!" A thick cloud rose from the embers; a cold shivering shook the astonished Yeoman; sharp pricking pains penetrated his ankles and the palms of his hands, and, as the smoke cleared away, he distinctly saw and recognized in the mirror the boudoir of Marston Hall.

The doors of the well-known ebony cabinet

were closed ; but fixed against them, and standing out in strong relief from the contrast afforded by the sable background, was a waxen image—of himself ! It appeared to be secured, and sustained in an upright posture, by large black pins driven through the feet and palms, the latter of which were extended in a cruciform position. To the right and left stood his wife and José ; in the middle, with his back towards him, was a figure which he had no difficulty in recognizing as that of the Leech of Folkestone. The latter had just succeeded in fastening the dexter hand of the image, and was now in the act of drawing a broad and keen-edged sabre from its sheath. The Black Cat mewed again. “ Haste, or you die ! ” said the Doctor,—Marsh looked at the dial ; it wanted but four minutes of nine : he felt that the crisis of his fate was come. Off went his heavy boots ; doublet to the right, galligaskins to the left : never was man more swiftly disrobed. In two minutes, to use an Indian expression, “ he was all face ! ” in another he was on his back, and up to his chin, in a bath which smelt strongly as of brimstone and garlic.

“ Heed well the clock ! ” cried the Conjuror : “ with the first stroke of Nine plunge thy head beneath the water, suffer not a hair above the surface : plunge deeply, or thou art lost ! ”

The little man had seated himself in the centre of the circle upon the large skull, elevating his legs at an angle of forty-five degrees. In this

position he spun round with a velocity to be equalled only by that of a tee-totum, the red roses on his insteps seeming to describe a circle of fire. The best buckskins that ever mounted at Melton had soon yielded to such rotatory friction—but he spun on—the cat mewed, bats and obscene birds fluttered overhead; Erasmus was seen to raise his weapon, the clock struck!—and Marsh, who had “ducked” at the instant, popped up his head again, spitting and sputtering, half-choked with the infernal solution, which had insinuated itself into his mouth, and ears, and nose. All disgust at his nauseous dip, was, however, at once removed, when, casting his eyes on the glass, he saw the consternation of the party whose persons it exhibited. Erasmus had evidently made his blow and failed; the figure was un mutilated; the hilt remained in the hand of the striker, while the shivered blade lay in shining fragments on the floor.

The Conjuror ceased his spinning, and brought himself to an anchor; the Black Cat purred,—its purring seemed strangely mixed with the self-satisfied chuckle of a human being. Where had Marsh heard something like it before?

He was rising from his unsavoury couch, when a motion from the little man checked him. “Rest where you are, Thomas Marsh; so far all goes well, but the danger is not yet over!” He looked again, and perceived that the shadowy triumvirate were in deep and eager consultation; the fragments of

the shattered weapon appeared to undergo a close scrutiny. The result was clearly unsatisfactory ; the lips of the parties moved rapidly, and much gesticulation might be observed, but no sound fell upon the ear. The hand of the dial had nearly reached the quarter : at once the parties separated : and Buckthorne stood again before the figure, his hand armed with a long and sharp-pointed *misericorde*, a dagger little in use of late, but such as, a century before, often performed the part of a modern oyster-knife, in tickling the osteology of a dismounted cavalier through the shelly defences of his plate armour. Again he raised his arm. "Duck !" roared the Doctor, spinning away upon his cephalic pivot :—the Black Cat cocked his tail, and seemed to mew the word "Duck !" Down went Master Marsh's head ; one of his hands had unluckily been resting on the edge of the bath : he drew it hastily in, but not altogether scatheless ; the stump of a rusty nail, projecting from the margin of the bath, had caught and slightly grazed it. The pain was more acute than is usually produced by such trivial accidents ; and Marsh, on once more raising his head, beheld the dagger of the Leech sticking in the little finger of the wax figure, which it had seemingly nailed to the cabinet door.

"By my truly, a scape o' the narrowest !" quoth the Conjuror : "the next course, dive you not the readier, there is no more life in you than in a

pickled herring. What ! courage, Master Marsh ; but be heedful ; an they miss again, let them bide the issue ! ”

He drew his hand athwart his brow as he spoke, and dashed off the perspiration, which the violence of his exercise had drawn from every pore. Black Tom sprang upon the edge of the bath, and stared full in the face of the bather : his sea-green eyes were lambent with unholy fire, but their marvellous obliquity of vision was not to be mistaken ;—the very countenance too ! Could it be ?—the features were feline, but their expression was that of Jack Pudding ! Was the mountebank a cat ? or the cat a mountebank ?—it was all a mystery ; and Heaven knows how long Marsh might have continued staring at Grimalkin, had not his attention been again called by Aldrovando to the magic mirror.

Great dissatisfaction, not to say dismay, seemed now to pervade the conspirators ; Dame Isabel was closely inspecting the figure’s wounded hand, while José was aiding the pharmacopolist to charge a huge petronel with powder and bullets. The load was a heavy one ; but Erasmus seemed determined this time to make sure of his object. Somewhat of trepidation might be observed in his manner as he ramméd down the balls, and his withered cheek appeared to have acquired an increase of paleness ; but amazement rather than fear was the prevailing symptom, and his countenance betrayed no jot of

irresolution. As the clock was about to chime half-past nine, he planted himself with a firm foot in front of the image, waved his unoccupied hand with a cautionary gesture to his companions, and, as they hastily retired on either side, brought the muzzle of his weapon within half a foot of his mark. As the shadowy form was about to draw the trigger, Marsh again plunged his head beneath the surface ; and the sound of an explosion, as of fire-arms, mingled with the rush of water that poured into his ears. His immersion was but momentary, yet did he feel as though half suffocated : he sprang from the bath, and as his eye fell on the mirror, he saw,—or thought he saw,—the Leech of Folkestone lying dead on the floor of his wife's boudoir, his head shattered to pieces, and his hand still grasping the stock of a bursten petronel.

He saw no more ; his head swam ; his senses reeled, the whole room was turning round, and, as he fell to the ground, the last impressions to which he was conscious were the chucklings of a hoarse laughter, and the mewings of a tom cat !

The *Ingoldsby Legends* were written by RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM, who was born in 1788 at Canterbury. He was educated at St. Paul's School and at Brasenose College, Oxford, and as a crippled arm, caused by an early accident, prevented an active occupation, he studied for the legal profession, but, changing his mind, he entered the church. He became a Minor

Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral and was appointed to a living in the city of London. He died in 1845.

He wrote for various reviews and produced a novel, but his fame rests entirely upon *The Ingoldsby Legends*. In the name of Thomas Ingoldsby, of Tappington Everard, the author pretends that these tales were related by various members and servants of the Ingoldsby family or are taken from the family records. Nearly all of them are in humorous and witty verse, in which the effect is obtained partly by many varieties of ingenious and amusing rhymes. Many of the legends deal with Barham's own county, Kent, and in them he has hidden a considerable amount of antiquarian lore. Where all are so excellent, it is difficult to make a selection. Probably every one knows *The Jackdaw of Rheims*, and lovers of Shakespeare will be amused at the Ingoldsby version of *The Merchant of Venice*. Of the prose legends *The Spectre of Tappington* is a very amusing story of a sleep-walker who buried his pantaloons in the garden. The best advice is to read them all.

IX

THE PATHFINDER

DURING the wars between France and Britain in the middle of the eighteenth century Mabel Dunham and her uncle, Charles Cap, guided by the Indian Arrow-head and his wife, Dew-of-June, were travelling from the settlement of New York to join her father, Sergeant Dunham. They met the Pathfinder, with Jasper Western (Eau-douce) and the Mohican Chingachgook, who had come to escort them. Discovering a band of hostile Iroquois in their path, the party hid beneath the river bank, while Jasper by making a fire tried to draw off the Indians. After the incident described they reached Oswego in safety.

Our characters, together with Muir, the Quartermaster, accompanied Sergeant Dunham (who wished Mabel to wed the Pathfinder) in Jasper's vessel, the *Scud*, on an expedition to a lone island garrison. Jasper was suspected of treachery and deposed from his command, but he saved the ship from the dangers of storm and brought her safely to the garrison. While the Sergeant was absent to cut off supplies intended by the French for their Indian allies, the island was surprised by Iroquois under Arrow-head, but Mabel, warned by Dew-of-June, took refuge in the block-house. Sergeant Dunham was ambushed on his return and wounded, but the survivors were saved by Jasper, and it was proved that Muir was the real traitor. Dunham died, and the Pathfinder generously surrendered Mabel to Jasper, whom she loved.

ATTACKED BY IROQUOIS

It was a breathless moment. The only clue the fugitives possessed to the intentions of their pursuers was in their gestures and the indications which escaped them in the fury of disappointment. That a party had returned already, on their own footsteps, by land, was pretty certain, and all the benefit expected from the artifice of the fire was necessarily lost. But that consideration became of little moment just then; for the party was menaced with an immediate discovery by those who had kept on a level with the river. All the facts presented themselves clearly, and as it might be by intuition, to the mind of Pathfinder, who perceived the necessity of immediate decision, and of being in readiness to act in concert. Without making any noise, therefore, he managed to get the two Indians and Jasper near him, when he opened his communications in a whisper.

"We must be ready, we must be ready," he said. "There are but three of the scalping fiends, and we are five, four of whom may be set down as manful warriors for such a scrimmage. Eau-douce, do you take the fellow that is painted like death; Chingachgook, I give you the chief; and Arrow-head must keep his eye on the young one. There must be no mistake, for two bullets in the same

body would be sinful waste, with one like the Sergeant's daughter in danger. I shall hold myself in reserve against accident, lest a fourth reptile appear, for one of your hands may prove unsteady. By no means fire until I give the word; we must not let the crack of the rifle be heard except in the last resort, since all the rest of the miscreants are still within hearing. Jasper, boy, in case of any movement behind us on the bank, I trust to you to run out the canoe with the Sergeant's daughter, and to pull for the garrison, by God's leave."

The Pathfinder had no sooner given these directions than the near approach of their enemies rendered profound silence necessary. The Iroquois in the river were slowly descending the stream, keeping of necessity near the bushes which overhung the water, while the rustling of leaves and the snapping of twigs soon gave fearful evidence that another party was moving along the bank, at an equally graduated pace, and directly abreast of them. In consequence of the distance between the bushes planted by the fugitives and the true shore, the two parties became visible to each other when opposite that precise point. Both stopped, and a conversation ensued, that may be said to have passed directly over the heads of those who were concealed. Indeed, nothing sheltered the travellers but the branches and leaves of plants, so pliant that they yielded to every current of air, and

which a puff of wind a little stronger than common would have blown away. Fortunately the line of sight carried the eyes of the two parties of savages, whether they stood in the water or on the land, above the bushes, and the leaves appeared blended in a way to excite no suspicion. Perhaps the very boldness of the expedient alone prevented an immediate exposure. The conversation which took place was conducted earnestly, but in guarded tones, as if those who spoke wished to defeat the intentions of any listeners. It was in a dialect that both the Indian warriors beneath, as well as the Pathfinder understood. Even Jasper comprehended a portion of what was said.

"The trail is washed away by the water!" said one from below, who stood so near the artificial cover of the fugitives that he might have been struck by the salmon-spear that lay in the bottom of Jasper's canoe. "Water has washed it so clear that a Yangeese hound could not follow."

"The pale-faces have left the shore in their canoes," answered the speaker on the bank.

"It cannot be, the rifles of our warriors below are certain."

The Pathfinder gave a significant glance at Jasper, and he clenched his teeth in order to suppress the sound of his own breathing.

"Let my young men look as if their eyes were eagles'," said the eldest warrior among those who were wading in the river. "We have been a whole

moon on the war-path, and have found but one scalp. There is a maiden among them, and some of our braves want wives."

Happily these words were lost on Mabel; but Jasper's frown became deeper, and his face fiercely flushed.

The savages now ceased speaking, and the party which was concealed heard the slow and guarded movements of those who were on the bank, as they pushed the bushes aside in their wary progress. It was soon evident that the latter had passed the cover; but the group in the water still remained scanning the shore with eyes that glared through their war-paint like coals of living fire. After a pause of two, or three minutes, these three began also to descend the stream, though it was step by step, as men move who look for an object that has been lost. In this manner they passed the artificial screen, and Pathfinder opened his mouth in that hearty but noiseless laugh that nature and habit had contributed to render a peculiarity of the man. His triumph, however, was premature; for the last of the retiring party, just at this moment, casting a look behind him, suddenly stopped, and his fixed attitude and steady gaze at once betrayed the appalling fact that some neglected bush had awakened his suspicions.

It was perhaps fortunate for the concealed that the warrior who manifested these fearful signs of distrust was young and had still a reputation to

acquire. He knew the importance of discretion and modesty in one of his years, and most of all did he dread the ridicule and contempt that would certainly follow a false alarm. Without recalling any of his companions, therefore, he turned on his own footsteps; and, while the others continued to descend the river, he cautiously approached the bushes, on which his looks were still fastened as by a charm. Some of the leaves which were exposed to the sun had drooped a little, and this slight departure from the usual natural laws had caught the quick eyes of the Indian; for so practised and acute do the senses of the savage become, more especially when he is on the war-path, that trifles apparently of the most insignificant sort, often prove to be clues to lead him to his object.

The trifling nature of the change which had aroused the suspicion of this youth was an additional motive for not acquainting his companions with his discovery. Should he really detect anything, his glory would be the greater for being unshared; and should he not, he might hope to escape that derision which the young Indian so much dreads. Then there were the dangers of an ambush and a surprise, to which every warrior of the woods is keenly alive, to render his approach slow and cautious. In consequence of the delay that proceeded from these combined causes, the two parties had descended some fifty or sixty

yards before the young savage was again near enough to the bushes of the Pathfinder to touch them with his hand.

Notwithstanding their critical situation, the whole party behind the cover had their eyes fastened on the working countenance of the young Iroquois, who was agitated by conflicting feelings. First came the eager hope of obtaining success where some of the most experienced of his tribe had failed, and with it a degree of glory that had seldom fallen to the share of one of his years or a brave on his first war-path ; then followed doubts, as the drooping leaves seemed to rise again and to revive in the currents of air ; and distrust of hidden danger lent its exciting feeling to keep the eloquent features in play. So very slight, however, had been the alteration produced by the heat on the bushes of which the stems were in the water, that when the Iroquois actually laid his hand on the leaves, he fancied that he had been deceived. As no man ever distrusts strongly without using all convenient means of satisfying his doubts, however, the young warrior cautiously pushed aside the branches and advanced a step within the hiding-place, when the forms of the concealed party met his gaze, resembling so many breathless statues. The low exclamation, the slight start, and the glaring eye, were hardly seen and heard, before the arm of Chingachgook was raised, and the tomahawk of the Delaware descended on the shaven head of his

foe. The Iroquois raised his hands frantically, bounded backward, and fell into the water, at a spot where the current swept the body away, the struggling limbs still tossing and writhing in the agony of death. The Delaware made a vigorous but unsuccessful attempt to seize an arm, with the hope of securing the scalp ; but the blood-stained waters whirled down the current, carrying with them their quivering burthen.

All this passed in less than a minute, and the events were so sudden and unexpected, that men less accustomed than the Pathfinder and his associates to forest warfare would have been at a loss how to act.

"There is not a moment to lose," said Jasper, tearing aside the bushes, as he spoke earnestly, but in a suppressed voice. "Do as I do, Master Cap, if you would save your niece ; and you, Mabel, lie at your length in the canoe."

The words were scarcely uttered when, seizing the bow of the light boat, he dragged it along the shore, wading himself, while Cap aided behind, keeping so near the bank as to avoid being seen by the savages below, and striving to gain the turn in the river above him, which would effectually conceal the party from the enemy. The Pathfinder's canoe lay nearest to the bank, and was necessarily the last to quit the shore. The Delaware leaped on the narrow strand and plunged into the forest, it being his assigned duty to watch the foe in that quarter,

while Arrowhead motioned to his white companion to seize the bow of the boat, and to follow Jasper. All this was the work of an instant ; but when the Pathfinder reached the current that was sweeping round the turn, he felt a sudden change in the weight he was dragging, and, looking back, he found that both the Tuscarora and his wife had deserted him. The thought of treachery flashed upon his mind, but there was no time to pause, for the wailing shout that arose from the party below proclaimed that the body of the young Iroquois had floated as low as the spot reached by his friends. The report of a rifle followed ; and then the guide saw that Jasper, having doubled the bend in the river, was crossing the stream, standing erect in the stern of the canoe, while Cap was seated forward, both propelling the light boat with vigorous strokes of the paddles. A glance, a thought, and an expedient followed each other quickly in one so trained in the vicissitudes of the frontier warfare. Springing into the stern of his own canoe, he urged it by a vigorous shove into the current, and commenced crossing the stream himself, at a point so much lower than that of his companions as to offer his own person for a target to the enemy, well knowing that their keen desire to secure a scalp would control all other feelings.

“ Keep well up the current, Jasper,” shouted the gallant guide as he swept the water with long steady, vigorous strokes of the paddle ; “ keep

well up the current, and pull for the alder bushes opposite. Presave the Sergeant's daughter before all things, and leave these Mingo knaves to the Sarpent and me."

Jasper flourished his paddle as a signal of understanding, while shot succeeded shot in quick succession, all now being aimed at the solitary man in the nearest canoe.

"Ay, empty your rifles like simpletons as you are," said the Pathfinder, who had acquired a habit of speaking when alone, from passing so much of his time in the solitude of the forest; "empty your rifles with an unsteady aim, and give me time to put yard upon yard of river between us. I will not revile you like a Delaware or a Mohican; for my gifts are a white man's gifts, and not an Indian's; and boasting in battle is no part of a Christian warrior; but I may say here, all alone by myself, that you are little better than so many men from the town shooting at robins in the orchards. That was well meant," throwing back his head as a rifle bullet cut a lock of hair from his temple; but the lead that misses by an inch is as useless as the lead that never quits the barrel. Bravely done, Jasper! the Sergeant's sweet child must be saved, even if we go in without our own scalps."

By this time the Pathfinder was in the centre of the river, and almost abreast of his enemies, while the other canoe, impelled by the vigorous arms of

Cap and Jasper, had nearly gained the opposite shore at the precise spot that had been pointed out to them. The old mariner now played his part manfully ; for he was on his proper element, loved his niece sincerely, had a proper regard for his own person, and was not unused to fire, though his experience certainly lay in a very different species of warfare. A few strokes of the paddles were given, and the canoe shot into the bushes, Mabel was hurried to land by Jasper, and for the present all three of the fugitives were safe.

Not so with the Pathfinder : his hardy self-devotion had brought him into a situation of unusual exposure, the hazards of which were much increased by the fact that, just as he drifted nearest to the enemy, the party on the shore rushed down the bank and joined their friends who still stood in the water. The Oswego was about a cable's length in width at this point, and, the canoe being in the centre, the object was only a hundred yards from the rifles that were constantly discharged at it ; or, at the usual target distance for that weapon.

In this extremity the steadiness and skill of the Pathfinder did him good service. He knew that his safety depended altogether on keeping in motion ; for a stationary object at that distance, would have been hit nearly every shot. Nor was motion of itself sufficient ; for, accustomed to kill the bounding deer, his enemies probably knew how to vary the line of aim so as to strike him, should he

continue to move in any one direction. He was consequently compelled to change the course of his canoe,—at one moment shooting down with the current, with the swiftness of an arrow ; and at the next checking its progress in that direction, to glance athwart the stream. Luckily the Iroquois could not reload their pieces in the water, and the bushes that everywhere fringed the shore rendered it difficult to keep the fugitive in view when on the land. Aided by these circumstances, and having received the fire of all his foes, the Pathfinder was gaining fast in distance, both downwards and across the current, when a new danger suddenly, if not unexpectedly, presented itself, by the appearance of the party that had been left in ambush below with a view to watch the river.

These were the savages alluded to in the short dialogue already related. They were no less than ten in number ; and, understanding all the advantages of their bloody occupation, they had posted themselves at a spot where the water dashed among rocks and over shallows, in a way to form a rapid which, in the language of the country is called a rift. The Pathfinder saw that, if he entered this rift, he should be compelled to approach a point where the Iroquois had posted themselves, for the current was irresistible, and the rocks allowed no other safe passage, while death or captivity would be the probable result of the attempt. All his efforts, therefore, were turned towards reaching the

western shore, the foe being all on the eastern side of the river ; but the exploit surpassed human power, and to attempt to stem the stream would at once have so far diminished the motion of the canoe as to render aim certain. In this exigency the guide came to a decision with his usual cool promptitude, making his preparations accordingly. Instead of endeavouring to gain the channel, he steered towards the shallowest part of the stream, on reaching which he seized his rifle and pack, leaped into the water, and began to wade from rock to rock, taking the direction of the western shore. The canoe whirled about in the furious current, now rolling over some slipper stone, now filling, and then emptying itself, until it lodged on the shore, within a few yards of the spot where the Iroquois had posted themselves.

In the meanwhile, the Pathfinder was far from being out of danger ; for the first minute, admiration of his promptitude and daring, which are so high virtues in the mind of an Indian, kept his enemies motionless ; but the desire of revenge, and the cravings for the much prized trophy, soon overcame this transient feeling, and aroused them from their stupor. Rifle flashed after rifle, and the bullets whistled around the head of the fugitive, amid the roar of the waters. Still he proceeded like one who bore a charmed life ; for, while his rude frontier garments were more than once cut, his skin was not razed.

As the Pathfinder in several instances, was compelled to wade in water which rose nearly to his arms, while he kept his rifle and ammunition elevated above the raging current, the toils soon fatigued him, and he was glad to stop at a large stone, or a small rock, which rose so high above the river that its upper surface was dry. On this stone he placed his powder horn, getting behind it himself, so as to have the advantage of a partial cover for his body. The western shore was only fifty feet distant, but the quiet swift, dark current that glanced through the interval sufficiently showed that here he would be compelled to swim.

A short cessation in the firing now took place on the part of the Indians, who gathered about the canoe, and, having found the paddles, were preparing to cross the river.

"Pathfinder," called a voice from among the bushes, at the point nearest to the person addressed, on the western shore.

"What would you have, Jasper?"

"Be of good heart, friends are at hand, and not a single Mingo shall cross without suffering for his boldness. Had you not better leave the rifle on the rock, and swim to us before the rascals can get afloat?"

"A true woodsman never quits his piece while he has any powder in his horn, or a bullet in his pouch. I have not drawn a trigger this day, Eau-douce, and shouldn't relish the idea of parting

with those reptiles without causing them to remember my name. A little water will not harm my legs ; and I see that blackguard Arrowhead among the scamps, and wish to send him the wages he has so faithfully earned. You have not brought the Sergeant's daughter down here in a range with their bullets, I hope, Jasper ? ”

“ She is safe for the present at least ; though all depends on our keeping the river between us and the enemy. They must know our weakness now ; and, should they cross, no doubt some of their party will be left on the other side.”

“ This canoeing touches your gifts rather than mine, boy, though I will handle a paddle with the best Mingo that ever struck a salmon. If they cross below the rift, why can't we cross in the still water above and keep playing at dodge and turn with the wolves ? ”

“ Because, as I have said, they will leave a party on the other shore ; and then, Pathfinder, would you expose Mabel to the rifles of the Iroquois ? ”

“ The Sergeant's daughter must be saved,” returned the guide, with calm energy. “ You are right, Jasper ; she has no gift to authorise her in offering her sweet face and tender body to a Mingo rifle. What can be done then ? They must be kept from crossing for an hour or two, if possible, when we must do our best in the darkness.”

“ I agree with you, Pathfinder, if it can be

effected ; but are we strong enough for such a purpose ? ”

“ The Lord is with us, boy, the Lord is with us ; and it is unreasonable to suppose that one like the Sergeant’s daughter will be altogether abandoned by Providence in such a strait. There is not a boat between the falls and the garrison, except these two canoes, to my sartain knowledge ; and I think it will go beyond red-skin gifts to cross in the face of two rifles like these of yours and mine. I will not vaunt, Jasper ; but it is well known on all this frontier that Killdeer seldom fails.”

“ Your skill is admitted by all, far and near, Pathfinder ; but a rifle takes time to be loaded ; nor are you on the land, aided by a good cover, where you can work to the advantage you are used to. If you had our canoe, might you not pass to the shore with a dry rifle ? ”

“ Can an eagle fly, Jasper ? ” returned the other, laughing, in his usual manner, and looking back as he spoke. “ But it would be unwise to expose yourself on the wafer ; for them miscreants are beginning to bethink them again of powder and bullets.”

“ It can be done without any such chances. Master Cap has gone up to the canoe, and will cast the branch of a tree into the river to try the current, which sets from the point above in the direction of your rock. See, there it comes already ; if it

float fairly, you must raise your arm, when the canoe will follow. At all events, if the boat should pass you, the eddy below will bring it up, and I can recover it."

While Jasper was still speaking the floating branch came in sight ; and, quickening its progress with the increasing velocity of the current, it swept swiftly down towards the Pathfinder, who seized it as it was passing, and held it in the air as a sign of success. Cap understood the signal, and presently the canoe was launched into the stream with a caution and an intelligence that the habits of the mariner had fitted him to observe. It floated in the same direction as the branch, and in a minute was arrested by the Pathfinder.

"This has been done with a frontier man's judgment, Jasper," said the guide, laughing ; "but you have your gifts, which incline most to the water, as mine incline to the woods. Now let them Mingo knaves cock their rifles and get rests, for this is the last chance they are likely to have at a man without a cover."

"Nay, shove the canoe towards the shore, quartering the current, and throw yourself into it as it goes off," said Jasper eagerly. "There is little use in running any risk."

"I love to stand up face to face with my enemies like a man, while they set me the example," returned the Pathfinder proudly. "I am not a red-skin born, and it is more a white

man's gifts to fight openly than to lie in ambushment."

"And Mabel?"

"True, boy, true; the Sergeant's daughter must be saved; and, as you say, foolish risks only become boys. Think you that you can catch the canoe where you stand?"

"There can be no doubt, if you give a vigorous push."

Pathfinder made the necessary effort; the light bark shot across the intervening space, and Jasper seized it as it came to land. To secure the canoe, and to take proper positions in the cover, occupied the friends but a moment, when they shook hands cordially, like those who had met after a long separation.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, an American novelist, was born in 1789 and spent his early boyhood in the wild region that belonged to his father, Judge William Cooper, round Otsego Lake in the state of New York. After leaving Yale College he joined the United States navy in 1808, became a Lieutenant, but resigned in 1811. His nautical experience was of great help to him in the sea-stories which he wrote afterwards (*The Pilot*, *The Two Admirals*, etc.), and the beautiful and unsettled country around his home, the forests and rivers of New York State must have inspired the five Red Indian novels by which he is chiefly remembered. They are *The Pioneers* (1823), *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826), *The Prairie* (1826), *The Pathfinder* (1840), and *The Deerslayer* (1841). They are written round the

exploits of Natty Bumpo (the Pathfinder of our book), known also as Leatherstocking and Hawkeye, and of his Indian friend and ally, the Big Serpent. All of them should be read, particularly *The Last of the Mohicans*, in which the Serpent's heroic son, Uncas, meets his death. Cooper wrote over thirty novels and a *History of the Navy of the United States*. He died in 1851 at Cooperstown (named after his father) on Otsego Lake.

X

TOM BURKE OF "OURS"

THIS is a stirring yarn of the adventures of an Irishman under Napoleon, and a brilliant description of the Emperor's European campaigns.

Driven from home by a rascally attorney, befriended by the rebel Darby M'Keown, Tom Burke was hindered from joining the United Irishmen by a French officer, Charles de Meudon. Accused of treason, Tom was smuggled across to France, where he earned a commission in the Hussars, and at the court met Charles's sister, Marie de Meudon.

In saving Marie's cousin from arrest as a Royalist plotter, Tom was himself arrested. Influence saved him, and, war with Austria breaking out, General d'Auvergne, now Marie's husband, made him his aide-de-camp. After the battle of Austerlitz Tom was promoted and sent to Paris, where he fell under further suspicion. In the Prussian campaign which followed Tom saved Napoleon's life, but ill-luck pursued him, and after the battle of Jena he had to resign his commission. Returning to Ireland, he was tried on the old charge, but the testimony of Darby saved him, and he regained his property. Roused by news of disaster to Napoleon, he rushed to rejoin his old leader.

In this episode, which follows the death in action of General d'Auvergne, Minette is the *vivandière* who nursed Tom when he was wounded in a duel: the corporal is Pioche, her devoted admirer: the locket contained Marie's portrait. Tom is speaking.

After Napoleon's abdication, Marie and Tom were married.

THE BRIDGE OF MONTEREAU

By midnight a despatch reached me, ordering me to hasten forward by a forced march to Montereau, the bridge of which town was a post of the greatest importance, and must be held against the Austrians till Victor could come up. We lost not a moment. It was a calm frosty night, with a bright moon, and we hastened along without halting. About an hour before daybreak we were met by a cavalry patrol, who informed us that Gérard and Victor had both arrived, but too late. Montereau was held by the Wurtemberg troops, who garrisoned the village, and defended the bridge with a strong force of artillery. Twice the French troops had been beaten back with tremendous loss, and all looked for the morrow, to renew the encounter. We continued our journey; and as the sun was rising, discovered, at a distance on the road beside the river, the mass of an infantry column. It was the Emperor himself, come up with the Guard, to attack the position.

Already the preparations for a fierce assault were in progress. A battery of twelve guns was posted on a height to command the bridge. Another, somewhat more distant, overlooked the village itself. Different bodies of infantry and cavalry were disposed wherever shelter presented itself,

and ready for the command to move forward. The approach to the bridge was by a wide road, which lay for some distance along the river bank, and this was deeply channelled by the enemy's artillery, which, stationed on and above the bridge, seemed to defy any attempt to advance.

Never, indeed, did an enterprise seem more full of danger. Every house which looked on the bridge was crenelated for small-arms, and garrisoned by sharpshooters—the fierce Jäger of Germany, whose rifles are the boast of the Vaterland. Cannon bristled along the heights, their wide mouths pointed to that devoted spot—already the grave of hundreds. Withdrawn under cover of a steep hill, my regiment was halted, with two other heavy cavalry corps, awaiting orders, and from the crest of the ridge I could observe the first movements of the fight.

As usual, a fierce cannonade was opened from either side, which, directed mainly against the artillery itself, merely resulted in dismantling a stray battery here and there, without further damage. At last the hoarse roll of a drum was heard, and the head of an infantry column was seen advancing up the road. They passed beneath a rock, on which a little group of officers were standing, and, as they went, a cheer of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" broke from them. I strained my eyes towards the place, for now I knew the Emperor himself was there. I could not, however, detect

him in the crowd, who all waved their hats in encouragement to the troops.

On they went, descending a steep declivity of the high road to the bridge. Suddenly the cannonade redoubles from the side of the enemy; the shot whistles through the air, while ten thousand muskets peal forth together. I rivet my eyes to watch the column, but what is my horror to perceive that none appear upon the ridge: the masses move up—they mount the ascent—they disappear behind it—and then are lost to sight for ever. Not one escapes the dreadful havoc of the guns, which, from a distance of less than two hundred yards, enfilade the bridge.

But still they moved up. I could hear, from where I lay, the commands of the officers, as they gave the word to their companies. No fear nor hesitation, there they went to death. In less than fifteen minutes twelve hundred fell, dead or wounded, and at last the signal to fall back was given, and the shattered fragment of a column reeled back behind the ridge. Again the cannonade opened, and increasing on both sides, was maintained for above an hour, without intermission. During this, our guns did tremendous execution on the village, but without effecting anything of importance respecting the bridge.

The Grenadiers of the Guard had reached the scene of combat, by forced marches, from Nangis, and after a brief time to recruit their strength, were

now ordered up. What a splendid force that massive column, conspicuous by their scarlet shoulder-knots and tall shakos of black bearskin ! With what confidence they move ! They halt beneath the rock—the Emperor is there too—and see, the officer who stands beside him descends from the height, and puts himself at the head of the column : it is Guyot, the colonel of the battalion—he waves his plumed hat in answer to the Emperor. That salute is the last he shall ever give on earth. The drums roll out ; but the hoarse shout of “ *En avant !* ” drowns their tumult. On they rush—they are over the height—they disappear down the descent—and see ! there they are on the bridge ! “ *Vive la Garde !* ” shout ten thousand of their comrades, who watch them from the heights—“ *Vive la Garde !* ” is echoed from the tall cliffs beyond the river. The column moves on, and already reaches the middle of the bridge, when eighteen guns throw their fire into it ; the blue smoke rolls down the rocky heights, and settles on the bridge, broken here and there by flashes, like the forked gleam of lightning ; the cloud passes over ; the bridge is empty, save of dead and dying : the Grenadiers of the Guard are no more !

“ What heart is his who gives his fellow-men to death like this ! ” was my exclamation as I witnessed this terrible struggle.

“ The Cuirassiers and Carbineers of the Guard

to form by threes in column of attack," shouted an aide-de-camp, as he rode up to where I lay ; and no more thought had I of *his* motives, who now opened the path of glory to myself.

The squadrons were arrayed under cover of the ridge ; the shot and shells from the enemy's batteries flew thickly over us—a presage of the storm we were about to meet.

The order to mount was given ; and, as the men sprang into their saddles, a group of horsemen galloped rapidly round the angle of the cliff, and approached. One glance showed me it was the Emperor and his staff.

"Cuirassiers of the Guard," said he, as with raised chapeau he saluted his brave followers, "I have ordered two battalions to carry that bridge. They have failed. Let those who never fail, advance to the storm. Montereau shall be inscribed on your helmets, men, when I see you on yonder heights. Go forward."

"Forward ! forward !" shouted the mailed ranks, half maddened by the exciting presence of Napoleon.

The force was formed in four separate columns of attack, the First Cuirassiers leading, followed by the Carbineers of the Guard, then my own regiment ; and lastly, the Fourth, the corps of poor Pioche. What would I have given to know he was there ; but there was not time for such inquiry now. The squadrons were ready, awaiting

the moment to dash on. A loud detonation of nigh twenty guns shook the earth ; and in the smoke that rolled from them the bridge was concealed from view. A trumpet sounded, and the cry of " Charge ! " followed. The mass sprang forth. What a cheer was theirs as they swept past ! The cannonade opens again—the whole ground trembles. The musketry follows ; and the clatter of a thousand sabres mingles with the war-cries of the combatants. It is but brief—the tumult is already subsiding ; and now comes the order for the carbineers to move up. The cuirassiers have been cut to pieces. A few, mangled and bleeding, have reeled back behind the hill, but the regiment is gone.

" Where are the troops of Wagram and Eylau ? " said the Emperor, in bitterness, as he saw the one broken squadron, sole remnant of a gallant corps, reeling blood-stained and dying, to the rear. " Where is that cavalry that carried the Russian battery at Moskowa ? You are not what you once were ? "

This cruel taunt, at the very moment when the earth was steeped in the blood of his brave soldiers, was heard in mournful silence. None spoke a word, but with clenched lip and clasped hand sat waiting the command to charge. It came ; but no cheer followed. The carbineers dashed on, prepared to die. What death so dreadful as the cold irony of Napoleon !

“En avant ! Cuirassiers of the 10th,” called out the Emperor, as the last squadrons of the carbineers went by ; “support your comrades. Follow up there, men of the Fourth. I must have that bridge.”

And now the whole line moved up. As we turned the cliff in full trot, the scene of combat lay before us. The terrible bridge now actually choked up with dead and wounded—the very battlements strewn with corpses. In an instant the carbineers were upon it ; and struggling through the mass of carnage, they rode onward. Like men goaded to despair, they pressed on, and actually reached the archway beyond, which, defended by a strong gate, closed up the way. Whole files now fell at every discharge ; but others took their places, to fall as rapidly beneath the murderous musketry.

“A petard to the gate !” is now the cry—“a petard, and the bridge is won !”

Quick as lightning four Sappers of the Guard rush across the road and gain the bridge. They carry something between them, but soon are lost in the dense masses of the horse. The enemy’s fire redoubles, the bridge crashes beneath the cannonade, when a loud shout is raised—

“Let the cavalry fall back.”

A cheer of triumph breaks from the town as they behold the retiring squadrons. They know not that the petard is now attached to the gate, and that the horseman are merely withdrawn for the explosion.

The bridge is cleared, and every eye is turned to watch the discharge which shall break the strong door, and leave the passage open. But unhappily the fuze has missed, and the great engine lies inert and inactive. What is to be done? The cavalry cannot venture to approach the spot, which at any moment may explode with ruin on every side; and thus the bridge is rendered impregnable by our own fault.

“Fatality upon fatality!” is the exclamation of Napoleon, as he heard the tidings. “This to the man who puts a match to the fuse!” said he, as he detaches the great cross of the legion from his breast, and holds it aloft.

With one spring I jump from my saddle, and dash at the burning match a gunner is holding near me; a rush is made by several others; but I am fleetest of foot, and before they reach the road I am on the bridge. The enemy has not seen me, and I am half-way across before a shot is aimed at me. Even then a surprise seems to arrest their fire, for it is a single ball whizzes past. I see the train; I kneel down; the fuze is faint and I stoop to blow it, and then my action is perceived, and a shattering volley sweeps the bridge. The high projecting parapet protects me, and I am unhurt. But the fuze will not take. Horrible moment of agonising suspense, the powder is clotted with blood, and will not ignite. I remember that my pistols are in my belt, and, detaching one, I draw the charge, and

scatter the fresh powder along the line. My shelter still saves me, though the balls are crashing like hail around me. It takes, it takes, the powder spits and flashes, and a loud cry from my comrades burst out, "Come back ! come back !"

Forgetting everything in the intense anxiety of the moment, I spring to my legs ; but scarce is my head above the parapet when a bullet strikes me in the chest. I fall covered with blood.

"Save him !—save him !" is the cry of a thousand voices ; and a rush is made upon the bridge. The musketry opens on these brave fellows, and they fall back wounded and discouraged. Crouching beneath the parapet, I try to staunch my wound, but the blood is gushing in torrents, my senses are reeling, the objects around grow dimmer, the noise seems fainter ; but suddenly I feel a hand upon my neck, and at the same instant a flask is pressed to my lips. I drink, and the wine rallies me ; the bleeding is stopped, my eyes open again, and dare I trust their evidence ? Who is it that now shelters beneath the parapet beside me ? Minette the Vivandière !, her handsome face flushed, her eyes wild with excitement, and her brown hair in great tangled masses on her back and shoulder.

"Minette, is it indeed thou ?" said I, pressing her hand to my lips.

"I knew you at the head of your regiment, some days ago, and I thought we should meet ere long. But lie still ; we are safe here. The fire slackens

too ; they have fallen back since the gate was forced."

"Is the gate forced, Minette ?"

"Ay, the petard has done its work, but the columns are not come up. Lie still till they pass."

"Dear, dear girl, what a brave heart is thine !" said I, gazing on her beautiful features, tenfold handsomer from the expression which her heroism had lent them.

"You would surely adventure as much for me," said she, half timidly, as she pressed her handkerchief against the wound, which still oozed blood.

The action entangled her fingers in a ribbon. She tried to extricate them, and the locket fell out, opening by accident at the same moment. With a convulsive energy she clasped the miniature in both hands, and riveted her eyes upon it. The look was wild as that of madness itself, and her features grew stiff as she gazed, while the pallor of death overspread them. It was scarce the action of a second ; in another, she flung back the picture from her and sprang to her feet. One glance she gave me, fleeting as the lightning flash, but how full of storied sorrow ! The moment after she was in the middle of the bridge. She waved her cap wildly above her head, and beckoned to the column to come on. A cheer answered her. The mass rushed forward, the fire again pealed forth, a shriek pierced the din of all the battle, and the leading files halt. Four grenadiers fall back to the

rear, carrying a body between them. It is the corpse of Minette the Vivandière, who has received her death-wound.

The same evening saw me the occupant of a bed in the ambulance of the Guard. Dreadful as the suffering of my wound was, I carried a deeper one within my heart.

"The Emperor has given you his own cross of the legion, sir," said the surgeon, endeavouring to rally me from a dejection whose source he knew not.

"He has made him a general of brigade, too," said a voice behind him.

It was General Letort who spoke; he had that moment come from the Emperor with the tidings. I buried my head beneath my hands, and felt as though my heart was bursting.

"That was a gallant girl, that Vivandière," said the rough old General.

"She must have had a soldier's heart within that corsage. *Parbleu!* I'd rather not have another such in my brigade, though, after what happened this evening."

"What is it you speak of?" said I, faintly.

"They gave her a military funeral this evening, the Fourth Cuirassiers. The Emperor gave his permission, and sent General Degeon of the staff to be present. And when they placed her in the grave, one of the soldiers, a corporal I believe, knelt down to kiss her, before they covered in the earth,

and when he had done so he lay slowly down on his face on the grass. 'He has fainted,' said one of his comrades; and they turned him on his back. *Morbleu!* it was worse than that—he was stone dead! One of the very finest fellows of the regiment."

"Yes—yes, I know him," muttered I, endeavouring to smother my emotion.

The General looked at me, as if my mind was wandering, and briefly added:

"And so they laid them in the same grave, and the same fusillade gave the last honours to both."

"Your story has affected my patient over much, general," said the doctor. "We must leave him to himself for some time."

CHARLES JAMES LEVER was born in Dublin in 1806. At school he was ring-leader in all kinds of mischief, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he studied medicine, he took part in many escapades which he used later in his novels. Before he settled down as a country doctor, he sailed to Canada on an emigrant ship and spent some time in the backwoods among the Indians. On returning, he travelled in Europe. The success of his first novel, *Harry Lorrequer*, which appeared in the Dublin University Magazine, turned him to literature, and in books that followed he drew on his knowledge of Irish character and sketched the half-pay officers he observed during his residence in Brussels. His descriptions of military life and battle-scenes are full of animation. *Charles*

O'Malley, Jack Hinton, and Tom Burke of "Ours" are the best of these.

In 1842 he returned from Brussels to Dublin but, being unable to keep up his establishment at Templeogue, returned to the continent. In 1858 he was appointed British vice-consul at Spezzia, and in 1867 he was promoted to Trieste where he died in 1872.

During this residence abroad he wrote many novels, but the four mentioned are perhaps those whose freshness and vivacity have most appeal.

XI

WESTWARD HO !

WHEN Amyas Leigh returned home to Bideford after sailing round the world with Drake, he, his brother Frank, and his friends, rivals for Rose Salterne, the Mayor's daughter, formed a Brotherhood for her protection. Amyas, fighting in Ireland against the Spaniards, captured Don Guzman, whom he sent to Bideford to await ransom. Back from Sir Humphrey Gilbert's fatal voyage to Newfoundland, Amyas learnt that Rose had eloped with the ransomed Don. So the Brotherhood started for South America in the *Rose* to rescue her. At La Guayra the Spaniards were prepared, so Amyas and Frank went secretly ashore to see Rose, but in the fight to escape Frank was left behind. When the *Rose* was damaged in a successful sea-fight, the adventurers went ashore, destroyed the ship, and started to find the golden city of Manoa. After three years of hardship, during which they found with an Indian tribe a beautiful white girl, Ayanacora, who attached herself to them, they again reached the sea, surprised a Spanish galleon, and sailed for England. On board Ayanacora's identity was discovered, and they learnt of the fate of Rose and Frank under the Inquisition. Amyas vowed revenge. Then followed the defeat of the Spanish Armada, in which Amyas took part as captain of the *Vengeance*, and the pursuit of the *Santa Catharina* with Don Guzman on board.

After the wreck peace of mind came to Amyas in his blindness, and he married Ayanacora, who had loved him ever since they first met.

HOW AMYAS THREW HIS SWORD INTO
THE SEA

It was now the sixteenth day of the chase. They had seen, the evening before, St. David's Head, and then the Welsh coast round Milford Haven, looming out black and sharp before the blaze of the inland thunder-storm ; and it had lightened all round them during the fore part of the night, upon a light south-western breeze.

In vain they had strained their eyes through the darkness, to catch, by the fitful glare of the flashes, the tall masts of the Spaniard. Of one thing at least they were certain, that with the wind as it was, she could not have gone far to the westward ; and to attempt to pass them again, and go northward, was more than she dare do. She was probably lying-to ahead of them, perhaps between them and the land ; and when, a little after midnight, the wind chopped up to the west, and blew stiffly till daybreak, they felt sure that, unless she had attempted the desperate expedient of running past them, they had her safe in the mouth of the Bristol Channel. Slowly and wearily broke the dawn, on such a day as often follows heavy thunder ; a sunless, drizzly day, roofed with low, dingy cloud, barred, and netted, and festooned with black, a sign that the storm is only taking breath

awhile before it bursts again ; while all the narrow horizon is dim and spongy with vapour drifting before a chilly breeze. As the day went on, the breeze died down, and the sea fell to a long, glassy, foam-flecked roll, while overhead brooded the inky sky, and round them the leaden mist shut out alike the shore and the chase.

Amyas paced the sloppy deck fretfully and fiercely. He knew that the Spaniard could not escape : but he cursed every moment which lingered between him and that one great revenge which blackened all his soul. The men sate sulkily about the deck, and whistled for a wind ; the sails flapped idly against the masts ; and the ship rolled in the long troughs of the sea, till her yard-arms almost dipped right and left.

" Take care of those guns. You will have something loose next," growled Amyas.

" We will take care of the guns, if the Lord will take care of the wind," said Yeo.

" We shall have plenty before night," said Cary, " and thunder, too."

" So much the better," said Amyas. " It may roar till it splits the heavens, if it does but let me get my work done."

" He's not far off, I warrant," said Cary. " One lift of the cloud, and we should see him."

" To windward of us, as likely as not," said Amyas. " The devil fights for him, I believe. To have been on his heels sixteen days, and not sent

this through him yet ! ” And he shook his sword impatiently.

So the morning wore away, without a sign of living thing, not even a passing gull ; and the black melancholy of the heaven reflected itself in the black melancholy of Amyas. Was he to lose his prey after all ? The thought made him shudder with rage and disappointment. It was intolerable. Anything but that.

“ No, God ! ” he cried, “ let me but once feel this in his accursed heart, and then—strike me dead, if Thou wilt ! ”

“ The Lord have mercy on us,” cried John Brimblecombe. “ What have you said ? ”

“ What is that to you, sir ? There, they are piping to dinner. Go down. I shall not come.”

And Jack went down, and talked in a half-terrified whisper of Amyas’s ominous words.

All thought that they portended some bad luck, except old Yeo.

“ Well, Sir John,” said he, “ and why not ? What better can the Lord do for a man, than take him home when he has done His work ? Our Captain is wilful and spiteful, and must needs kill his man himself ; while for me, I don’t care how the Don goes, provided he does go. I owe him no grudge, nor any man. May the Lord give him repentance, and forgive him all his sins : out if I could but see him once safe ashore, as he may be ere nightfall, on the Mortestone or the back of

Lundy, I would say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,' even if it were the lighting which was sent to fetch me."

"But, Master Yeo, a sudden death?"

"And why not a sudden death, Sir John? Even fools long for a short life and a merry one, and shall not the Lord's people pray for a short death and a merry one? Let it come as it will to old Yeo. Hark! there's the Captain's voice!"

"Here she is!" thundered Amyas from the deck; and in an instant all were scrambling up the hatchway as fast as the frantic rolling of the ship would let them.

Yes, there she was. The cloud had lifted suddenly, and to the south a ragged bore of blue sky let a long stream of sunshine down on her tall masts and stately hull, as she lay rolling some four or five miles to the eastward: but as for land, none was to be seen.

"There she is; and here we are," said Cary: "but where is here? and where is there? How is the tide, master?"

"Running up Channel by this time, sir."

"What matters the tide?" said Amyas, devouring the ship with terrible and cold blue eyes. "Can't we get at her?"

"Not unless some one jumps out and shoves behind," said Cary. "I shall down again and finish that mackerel, if this roll has not chucked it to the cockroaches under the table."

"Don't jest, Will ! I can't stand it," said Amyas, in a voice which quivered so much that Cary looked at him. His whole frame was trembling like an aspen. Cary took his arm, and drew him aside.

"Dear old lad," said he, as they leaned over the bulwarks, "what is this ? You are not yourself, and have not been these four days."

"No. I am not Amyas Leigh. I am my brother's avenger. Do not reason with me, Will : when it is over, I shall be merry old Amyas again," and he passed his hand over his brow.

"Do you believe," said he, after a moment, "that men can be possessed by devils ? "

"The Bible says so."

"If my cause were not a just one, I should fancy I had a devil in me. My throat and heart are as hot as the pit. Would to God it were done, for done it must be ! Now go."

Cary went away with a shudder. As he passed down the hatchway he looked back. Amyas had got the hone out of his pocket, and was whetting away again at his sword-edge, as if there was some dreadful doom on him, to whet, and whet for ever.

The weary day wore on. The strip of blue sky was curtained over again, and all was dismal as before, though it grew sultrier every moment ; and now and then a distant mutter shook the air to westward. Nothing could be done to lessen the distance between the ships, for the *Vengeance* had had all her boats carried away but one, and that

was much too small to tow her; and while the men went down again to finish dinner, Amyas worked on at his sword, looking up every now and then suddenly at the Spaniard, 'as if to satisfy himself that it was not a vision which had vanished.

About two, Yeo came up to him.

"He is ours safely now, sir. The tide has been running to the eastward for this two hours."

"Safe as a fox in a trap. Satan himself cannot take him from us!"

"But God may," said Brimblecombe, simply.

"Who spoke to you, sir? If I thought that He—there comes the thunder at last!"

And as he spoke, an angry growl from the westward heavens seemed to answer his wild words, and rolled and loudened nearer and nearer, till right over their heads it crashed against some cloud-cliff far above, and all was still.

Each man looked in the other's face: but Amyas was unmoved.

"The storm is coming," said he, "and the wind in it. It will be Eastward ho, now, for once, my merry men all!"

"Eastward ho never brought us luck," said Jack, in an undertone to Cary. But by this time all eyes were turned to the north-west, where a black line along the horizon began to define the boundary of sea and air, till now all dim in mist.

"There comes the breeze."

"And there the storm, too"

And with that strangely accelerating pace which some storms seem to possess, the thunder, which had been growling slow and seldom, far away, now rang peal on peal along the cloudy floor above their heads.

"Here comes the breeze. Round with the yards, or we shall be taken aback."

The yards creaked round; the sea grew crisp around them; the hot air swept their cheeks, tightened every rope, filled every sail, bent her over. A cheer burst from the men as the helm went up, and they staggered away before the wind, right down upon the Spaniard, who lay still becalmed.

"There is more behind, Amyas," said Cary. "Shall we not shorten sail a little?"

"No. Hold on every stitch," said Amyas. "Give me the helm, man. Boatswain, pipe away to clear for fight."

It was done, and in ten minutes the men were all at quarters, while the thunder rolled louder and louder overhead, and the breeze freshened fast.

"The dog has it now. There he goes!" said Cary.

"Right before the wind. He has no liking to face us."

"He is running into the jaws of destruction," said Yeo. "An hour more will send him either right up the Channel, or smack on shore somewhere."

"There ! he has put his helm down. I wonder if he sees land ? "

"He is like a March hare beat out of his country," said Cary, "and don't know whither to run next."

Cary was right. In ten minutes more the Spaniard fell off again, and went away dead down wind, while the *Vengeance* gained on him fast. After two hours more, the four miles had diminished to one, while the lightning flashed nearer and nearer as the storm came up ; and from the vast mouth of a black cloud-arch poured so fierce a breeze that Amyas yielded unwillingly to hints which were growing into open murmurs, and bade shorten sail.

On they rushed with scarcely lessened speed, the black arch following fast, curtained by one flat, gray-sheet of pouring rain, before which the water was boiling in a long, white line ; while every moment, behind the watery veil, a keen blue spark leapt down into the sea, or darted zigzag through the rain.

"We shall have it now, and with a vengeance ; this will try your tackle, master," said Cary.

The functionary answered with a shrug, and turned up the collar of his rough frock, as the first drops flew stinging round his ears. Another minute, and the squall burst full upon them in rain which cut like hail—hail which lashed the sea into froth, and wind which whirled off the heads of the surges, and swept the waters into one white,

seething waste. And above them, and behind them, and before them, the lightning leapt and ran, dazzling and blinding, while the deep roar of the thunder was changed to sharp ear-piercing cracks.

"Get the arms and ammunition under cover, and then below with you all," shouted Amyas from the helm.

"And heat the pokers in the galley fire," said Yeo, "to be ready if the rain puts our linstocks out. I hope you'll let me stay on deck, sir, in case——"

"I must have some one, and who better than you? Can you see the chase?"

"No; she was wrapped in the gray whirlwind. She might be within half a mile of them, for aught they could have seen of her.

And now Amyas and his old liegeman were alone. Neither spoke; each knew the other's thoughts, and knew that they were his own. The squall blew fiercer and fiercer, the rain poured heavier and heavier. Where was the Spaniard?

"If he has laid-to, we may overshoot him, sir!"

"If he has tried to lay-to, he will not have a sail left in the bolt-ropes, or perhaps a mast on deck. I know the stiff-neckedness of those Spanish tubs. Hurrah! there he is, right on our larboard bow!"

There he was indeed, two musket-shots off, staggering away with canvas split and flying.

"He has been trying to hull, sir, and caught a

buffet," said Yeo, rubbing his hands. "What shall we do now?"

"Range alongside, if it blow live imps and witches, and try our luck once more. Pah! how this lightning dazzles!"

On they swept, gaining fast on the Spaniard.

"Call the men up, and to quarters; the rain will be over in ten minutes."

Yeo ran forward to the gangway: and sprang back again, with a face white and wild,—

"Land right ahead! Port your helm, sir! For the love of God, port your helm!"

Amyas, with the strength of a bull, jammed the helm down, Yeo shouted to the men below.

She swung round. The masts bent like whips; crack went the fore-sail like a cannon. What matter? Within two hundred yards of them was the Spaniard; in front of her, and above her, a huge dark bank rose through the dense hail, and mingled with the clouds; and at its foot, plainer every moment, pillars and spouts of leaping foam.

"What is it, Morte? Hartland?"

It might be anything for thirty miles.

"Lundy!" said Yeo. "The south end! I see the head of the Shutter in the breakers! Hard a-port yet, and get her close-hauled as you can, and the Lord may have mercy on us still! Look at the Spaniard!"

Yes, look at the Spaniard!

On their left hand, as they broached-to, the wall of granite sloped down from the clouds toward an isolated peak of rock, some two hundred feet in height. Then a hundred yards of roaring breaker upon a sunken shelf, across which the race of the tide poured like a cataract; then, amid a column of salt smoke, the Shutter, like a huge black fang, rose waiting for its prey; and between the Shutter and the land, the great galleon loomed dimly through the storm.

He, too, had seen his danger, and tried to broach-to. But his clumsy mass refused to obey the helm; he struggled a moment, half hid in foam; fell away again, and rushed upon his doom.

"Lost! lost! lost!" cried Amyas madly, and throwing up his hands, let go the tiller. Yeo caught it just in time.

"Sir! sir! What are you at? We shall clear the rock yet."

"Yes!" shouted Amyas in his frenzy; "but he will not!"

Another minute. The galleon gave a sudden jar, and stopped. Then one long heave and bound, as if to free herself. And then her bows lighted clean upon the Shutter.

An awful silence fell on every English soul. They heard not the roaring of wind and surge; they saw not the blinding flashes of the lightning; but they heard one long, ear-piercing wail to every saint in heaven rise from five hundred human throats;

they saw the mighty ship heel over from the wind, and sweep headlong down the cataract of the race, plunging her yards into the foam, and showing her whole black side even to her keel, till she rolled clean over, and vanished for ever and ever.

"Shame!" cried Amyas, hurling his sword far into the sea, "to lose my right, my right! when it was in my very grasp! Unmerciful!"

A crack which rent the sky, and made the granite ring and quiver; a bright world of flame, and then a blank of utter darkness, against which stood out, glowing red-hot, every mast, and sail, and rock, and Salvation Yeo as he stood just in front of Amyas, the tiller in his hand. All red-hot, transfigured into fire; and behind, the black, black night.

CHARLES^S KINGSLEY was born in 1819. After leaving Cambridge University he entered the Church and in 1844 became rector of Eversley in Hampshire. Later he became Professor of Modern History at Cambridge (1860), canon of Chester (1869), canon of Westminster and chaplain to the Queen (1873). In 1875 he died.

After publishing poetry he became deeply interested in the social conditions of the working-classes in country and town and endeavoured earnestly to improve them. Of country workers he wrote in *Yeast* (1848), while *Alton Locke* (1850) treats of the town and the Chartists. Other novels are *Hypatia* (1853), *Westward Ho!* (1855), *Two years Ago* (1857), and *Hereward the Wake* (1866). His love for nature is shown in *Glaucus* (1855), and

The Water Babies (1863). We must not forget his fairy tales of ancient Greece, *The Heroes* (1856), nor the beautiful little poems that are scattered throughout his works.

Most of his other writings are concerned with social and religious questions.

In the brief account of the story of *Westward Ho!* which appears at the beginning of this extract, it has been impossible to do justice to the wonderful picture of Elizabethan times that the book portrays. In it we read of deeds of heroism and voyages of discovery, and meet Richard Grenville, Francis Drake, Walter Raleigh, Humphrey Gilbert, Edmund Spenser, and others whose names are famous in England's story. When you have read it, turn to Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake*, another stirring yarn of valiant deeds in the days of William the Conqueror.

XII

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

IN this story of the French Revolution we read that Doctor Alexander Manette had been imprisoned in the Bastille because he knew too much about the wickedness of the St. Evrémonde family. Released after eighteen years and brought to England by Mr. Jarvis Lorry, he was nursed back to health by his daughter, Lucie, whom he had last seen as a baby.

Charles Darnay, on trial for his life for treason, was saved by a rakish lawyer, Sydney Carton, who observed a singular resemblance between Darnay and himself. Becoming friendly with the Manettes, Darnay—really Charles St. Evrémonde, who, ashamed of the tyranny of his class, had settled in England—in due course married Lucie Manette. Sydney Carton, also in love with Lucie, assured her of his devoted help, should the need arise.

The French Revolution broke out. At the destruction of the Bastille Dr. Manette's life-story was found by Ernest Defarge, the keeper of a wine-shop, whose wife had vowed death to the aristocrats, particularly to the St. Evrémondes.

Drawn to Paris to help an old servant, Charles was arrested. Lucie, the Doctor, and Sydney Carton had followed him and on the Doctor's testimony he was acquitted. Immediately re-arrested, he was accused by the document discovered by Defarge and condemned to death.

After his rescue, by means of Sydney Carton's heroic sacrifice, Charles and his family escaped to England.

THE CONCIERGERIE—AND AFTER

IN the black prison of the Conciergerie, the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Fifty-two were to roll that afternoon on the life-tide of the city to the boundless everlasting sea. Before their cells were quit of them, new occupants were appointed; before their blood ran into the blood spilled yesterday, the blood that was to mingle with theirs to-morrow was already set apart.

Two score and twelve were told off. From the farmer-general of seventy, whose riches could not buy his life, to the seamstress of twenty, whose poverty and obscurity could not save her. Physical diseases, engendered in the vices and neglects of men, will seize on victims of all degrees; and the frightful moral disorder, born of unspeakable suffering, intolerable oppression, and heartless indifference, smote equally without distinction.

Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from the Tribunal. In every line of the narrative he had heard, he had heard his condemnation. He had fully comprehended that no personal influence could possibly save him, that he was virtually

sentenced by the millions, and that units could avail him nothing.

Nevertheless, it was not easy, with the face of his beloved wife fresh before him, to compose his mind to what it must bear. His hold on life was strong, and it was very, very hard, to loosen; by gradual efforts and degrees unclosed a little here, it clenched the tighter there; and when he brought his strength to bear on that hand and it yielded, this was closed again. There was a hurry, too, in all his thoughts, a turbulent and heated working of his heart, that contended against resignation. If, for a moment, he did feel resigned, then his wife and child who had to live after him, seemed to protest and to make it a selfish thing.

But, all this was at first. Before long, the consideration that there was no disgrace in the fate he must meet, and that numbers went the same road wrongfully, and trod it firmly every day, sprang up to stimulate him. Next followed the thought that much of the future peace of mind enjoyable by the dear ones, depended on his quiet fortitude. So, by degrees he calmed into the better state, when he could raise his thoughts much higher, and draw comfort down.

The hours went on as he walked to and fro, and the clocks struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone for ever, ten gone for ever, eleven gone for ever, twelve coming on to pass away. After a hard contest with that eccentric action of thought

which had last perplexed him, he had got the better of it. He walked up and down, softly repeating their names to himself. The worst of the strife was over. He could walk up and down, free from distracting fancies, praying for himself and for them.

Twelve gone for ever.

He had been apprised that the final hour was Three, and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets. Therefore, he resolved to keep Two before his mind, as the hour, and so to strengthen himself in the interval that he might be able, after that time, to strengthen others.

Walking regularly to and fro with his arms folded on his breast, a very different man from the prisoner, who had walked to and fro at La Force, he heard One struck away from him, without surprise. The hour had measured like most other hours. Devoutly thankful to Heaven for his recovered self-possession, he thought, "There is but another now," and turned to walk again.

Footsteps in the stone passage outside the door. He stopped.

The key was put in the lock, and turned. Before the door was opened, or as it opened, a man said in a low voice, in English: "He has never seen me here; I have kept out of his way. Go you in alone; I wait near. Lose no time!"

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features, and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

There was something so bright and remarkable in his look, that, for the first moment, the prisoner misdoubted him to be an apparition of his own imagining. But, he spoke, and it was his voice; he took the prisoner's hand, and it was his real grasp.

"Of all the people upon earth, you least expected to see me?" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not"—the apprehension came suddenly into his mind—"a prisoner?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her—your wife, dear Darnay."

The prisoner wrung his hand.

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you will remember."

The prisoner turned his face partly aside.

"You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means; I have no time to tell you. You

must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine.”

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him, barefoot.

“Draw on these boots of mine. Put your hands to them ; put your will to them. Quick ! ”

“Carton, there is no escaping from this place ; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness.”

“It would be madness if I asked you to escape ; but do I ? When I ask you to pass out at that door, tell me it is madness and remain here. Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair, like this of mine ! ”

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength both of will and action, that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

“Carton ! Dear Carton ! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished, it never can be done, it has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine.”

“Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door ? When I ask that, refuse. There are pen

and ink and paper on this table. ¶ Is your hand steady enough to write ? ”

“ It was when you came in. ”

“ Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick ! ”

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

“ Write exactly as I speak. ”

“ To whom do I address it ? ”

“ To no one. ” Carton still had his hand in his breast.

“ Do I date it ? ”

“ No. ”

The prisoner looked up, at each question. Carton, standing over him with his hand in his breast, looked down.

“ ‘ If you remember, ’ ” said Carton, dictating, “ ‘ the words that passed between us, long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them. ’ ”

He was drawing his hand from his breast ; the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

“ Have you written ‘ forget them ! ’ ” Carton asked.

“ I have. Is that a weapon in your hand ? ”

“ No ; I am not armed. ”

“What is it in your hand?”

“You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more.” He dictated again. “‘I am thankful that the time has come, when I can prove them. That I do so is no subject for regret or grief.’” As he said these words with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer’s face.

The pen dropped from Darnay’s fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly.

“What vapour is that?” he asked.

“Vapour?”

“Something that crossed me?”

“I am conscious of nothing; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!”

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention. As he looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing, Carton—his hand again in his breast—looked steadily at him.

“Hurry, hurry!”

The prisoner bent over the paper, once more.

“‘If it had been otherwise;’” Carton’s hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down; “‘I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise;’” the hand was at the prisoner’s face; “‘I should but have had so much the more to answer for. If it had been

otherwise——’ ” Carton looked at the pen and saw it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton’s hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up with a reproachful look, but Carton’s hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton’s left arm caught him round the waist. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him ; but, within a minute or so, he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then, he softly called, “ Enter there ! Come in ! ” and the Spy presented himself.

“ You see ? ” said Carton, looking up, as he kneeled on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in the breast : “ is your hazard very great ? ”

“ Mr. Carton,” the Spy answered, with a timid snap of his fingers, “ my hazard is not *that*, in the thick of business here, if you are true to the whole of your bargain.”

“ Don’t fear me. I will be true to the death.”

“ You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress, I shall have no fear.”

“ Have no fear ! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from

here, please God! Now, get assistance and take me to the coach."

"You?" said the Spy nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here, often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! Call assistance!"

"You swear not to betray me?" said the trembling Spy, as he paused for a last moment.

"Man, man!" returned Carton, stamping his foot; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already, to go through with this, that you waste the precious moments now? Take him yourself to the courtyard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night, and his promise of last night, and drive away!"

The Spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The Spy returned immediately, with two men.

"How, then?" said one of them, contemplating the fallen figure. "So afflicted to find that his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of Sainte Guillotine?"

"A good patriot," said the other, "could hardly have been more afflicted if the Aristocrat had drawn a blank."

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, Evrémonde," said the Spy, in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

"Come, then, my children," said Barsad. "Lift him, and come away!"

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along distant passages: no cry was raised, or hurry made, that seemed unusual. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clock struck Two.

Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he divined their meaning, then began to be audible. Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A gaoler, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evrémonde!" and he followed into a large dark room, at a distance. It was a dark winter day, and what with the shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he could but dimly discern the others who were

brought there to have their arms bound. Some were standing ; some seated. Some were lamenting, and in restless motion ; but, these were few. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped in passing, to embrace him, as having a knowledge of him. It thrilled him with a great dread of discovery ; but the man went on. A very few moments after that, a young woman, with a slight girlish form, a sweet spare face in which there was no vestige of colour, and large widely opened patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

" Citizen Evrémonde," she said, touching him with her cold hand. " I am a poor little seamstress, who was with you in La Force."

He murmured for answer : " True. I forget what you were accused of ? "

" Plots. Though the just Heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely ? Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me ? "

The forlorn smile with which she said it, so touched him, that tears started from his eyes.

" I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonde, but I have done nothing. I am not unwilling to die, if the Republic which is to do so much good to us

poor, will profit by my death ; 'but I do not know how that can be, Citizen Evrémonde. Such a poor weak little creature ! ”

As the last thing on earth that his heart was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable girl.

“ I heard you were released, Citizen Evrémonde. I hoped it was true ? ”

“ It was. But, I was again taken and condemned.”

“ If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand ? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage.”

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

“ Are you dying for him ? ” she whispered.

“ And his wife and child. Hush ! Yes.”

“ O you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger ? ”

“ Hush ! Yes, my poor sister ; to the last.”

The ministers of Saint Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash !—A head is held up, and the knitting-women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count one.

The second tumbril empties and moves on ; the

third comes up. Crash !—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

“ But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart ; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven.”

“ Or you to me,” says Sydney Carton. “ Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object.”

“ I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid.”

“ They will be rapid. Fear not ! ”

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together and to rest in her bosom.

" Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question ? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little."

" Tell me what it is."

" I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate—for I cannot write—and if I could, how should I tell her ! It is better as it is."

" Yes, yes : better as it is."

" What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support, is this—If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time ; she may even live to be old."

" What then, my gentle sister ? "

" Do you think," the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble, " that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land, where I trust, both you and I will be mercifully sheltered ? "

" It cannot be, my child ; there is no time there, and no trouble there."

" You comfort me so much ! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now ? Is the moment come ? "

" Yes."

She kisses his lips ; he kisses hers ; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it ; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone ; the knitting-women count twenty-two.

" I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefulest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

CHARLES DICKENS was born in 1812 near Portsmouth, his father being a clerk in the Navy Pay-office. After living in Chatham, the family settled in London in 1821. His father, constantly involved in money difficulties, was imprisoned for debt in the Marshalsea, and Charles, ten years old, earned six shillings a week in a blacking factory. In 1827 he was employed in a solicitor's office and then he became a reporter.

In 1836 was published *Sketches by Boz*, which he had contributed to newspapers, and he began *Pickwick Papers*. From this time his life was a success, and novels

followed one after another :—*Oliver^o Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and the *Christmas Books*. In 1846 he was for a short time editor of the *Daily News*. Now followed *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, and *Little Dorrit*. In 1856 he bought Gadshill House, near Rochester, which as a boy he had coveted. *The Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, and *Our Mutual Friend* appeared next. His last novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, was unfinished when he died in 1870.

This by no means sums up all his activities, but it is as a novelist and portrayer of character that he is famous. Many of his own personal experiences and the people he encountered are to be found in his works.

Read *David Copperfield* for a picture of his early days and for a portrait of his father (Mr. Micawber).

XIII

TOM SAWYER

TOM SAWYER, a young scapegrace living in a Mississippi village, led his Aunt Polly a pretty dance. Frequently playing truant, he was always in trouble at school, but at heart he was a sound lad. Once he, Joe Harper, and the out-cast, Huckleberry Finn, ran away and played pirates for several days, and, when they were given up for lost, they arrived to hear their own funeral sermon. At dead of night in the churchyard Tom and Huck saw Injun Joe murder the village doctor and throw the blame on Muff Potter. Scared to death, they kept the secret till Muff's trial, when at Tom's evidence Injun Joe took to flight.

The efforts of Tom and Huck to find buried treasure at the foot of a dead tree were followed by the incident here printed.

Huck, keeping a watch on Injun Joe, overheard a plot against widow Douglas, which he was able to frustrate, though the villains escaped. Becky Thatcher gave a picnic at McDougal's cave, but Tom and Becky wandered too far in its depths and were lost for three days. At last Tom found a way out five miles from the opening, but during their wanderings he had seen Injun Joe. A fortnight later, when Tom recovered, he learned that Becky's father had closed the cave, and, when it was opened, Injun Joe was found dead. Tom and Huck eventually found the treasure and shared it.

BURIED TREASURE

ABOUT noon the next day the boys arrived at the dead tree ; they had come for their tools. Tom was impatient to go to the haunted house ; Huck was measurably so, also, but suddenly said—

“ Looky here, Tom, do you know what day it is ? ”

Tom mentally ran over the days of the week and then quickly lifted his eyes with a startled look in them—

“ My ! I never once thought of it, Huck ! ”

“ Well, I didn’t, neither, but all at once it popped on to me that it was Friday.”

“ Blame it ; a body can’t be too careful, Huck. We might a got into an awful scrape, tackling such a thing on a Friday.”

“ Might ! Better say we would ! There’s some lucky days, maybe, but Friday ain’t.”

“ Any fool knows that. I don’t reckon you was the first that found ‘t out, Huck.”

“ Well, I never said I was, did I ? And Friday ain’t all, neither. I had a rotten bad dream last night—dreamt about rats.”

“ No ! Sure sign of trouble. Did they fight ? ”

“ No.”

“ Well, that’s good, Huck. When they don’t fight, it’s only a sign that there’s trouble around,

you know. All we got to do is to look mighty sharp and keep out of it. We'll drop this thing for to-day, and play. Do you know Robin Hood, Huck ? "

" No. Who's Robin Hood ? "

" Why, he was one of the greatest men that was ever in England—and the best. He was a robber."

" Cracky, I wisht I was. Who did he rob ? "

" Only sheriffs and bishops and rich people and kings, and such like. But he never bothered the poor. He loved 'em. He always divided up with 'em perfectly square."

" Well, he must a ben a brick."

" I bet you he was, Huck. Oh, he was the noblest man that ever was. They ain't any such men now, I can tell you. He could lick any man in England with one hand tied behind him ; and he could take his yew bow and plug a ten-cent piece every time, a mile and a half."

" What's a *yew* bow ? "

" I don't know. It's some kind of a bow, of course. And if he hit that dime only on the edge he would set down and cry—and curse. But we'll play Robin Hood—it's noble fun. I'll learn you."

" I'm agreed."

So they played Robin Hood all the afternoon, now and then casting a yearning eye down upon the haunted house and passing a remark about the morrow's prospects and possibilities there. As the sun began to sink into the west, they took their

way homeward athwart the long shadows of the trees and soon were buried from sight in the forests of Cardiff Hill.

On Saturday, shortly after noon, the boys were at the dead tree again. They had a smoke and a chat in the shade, and then dug a little in their last hole, not with great hope, but merely because Tom said there were so many cases where people had given up a treasure after getting down within six inches of it, and then somebody else had come along and turned it up with a single thrust of a shovel. The thing failed this time, however, so the boys shouldered their tools and went away, feeling that they had not trifled with fortune, but had fulfilled all the requirements that belong to the business of treasure-hunting.

When they reached the haunted house, there was something so weird and grisly about the dead silence that reigned there under the baking sun, and something so depressing about the loneliness and desolation of the place, that they were afraid, for a moment, to venture in. Then they crept to the door and took a trembling peep. They saw a weed-grown, floorless room, unplastered, an ancient fireplace, vacant windows, a ruinous staircase ; and here, there, and everywhere, hung ragged and abandoned cobwebs. They presently entered softly, with quickened pulses, talking in whispers, ears alert to catch the slightest sound, and muscles tense and ready for instant retreat.

In a little while familiarity modified their fears and they gave the place a critical and interested examination, rather admiring their own boldness, and wondering at it, too. Next they wanted to look upstairs. This was something like cutting off retreat, but they got to daring each other, and of course there could be but one result—they threw their tools into a corner and made the ascent. Up there were the same signs of decay. In one corner they found a closet that promised mystery, but the promise was a fraud—there was nothing in it. Their courage was up now, and well in hand. They were about to go down and begin work when—

“*Sh!*” said Tom.

“What is it?” whispered Huck, blanching with fright.

“*Sh!* There! Hear it?”

“Yes! O my! Let’s run!”

“Keep still! Don’t you budge! They’re coming right towards the door.”

The boys stretched themselves upon the floor with their eyes to knot-holes in the planking, and lay waiting in a misery of fear.

“They’ve stopped—— No—coming—— Here they are. Don’t whisper another word, Huck. My goodness, I wish I was out of this!”

Two men entered. Each boy said to himself:

“There’s the old deaf and dumb Spaniard that’s been about town once or twice lately—never saw t’other man before”

"T'other" was a ragged, unkempt creature, with nothing very pleasant in his face. The Spaniard was wrapped in a *serape*; he had bushy white whiskers, long white hair flowed from under his sombrero, and he wore green goggles. When they came in, "t'other" was talking in a low voice; they sat down on the ground, facing the door, with their backs to the wall, and the speaker continued his remarks. His manner became less guarded and his words more distinct as he proceeded.

"No," said he, "I've thought it all over, and I don't like it. It's dangerous."

"Dangerous!" grunted the "deaf and dumb" Spaniard, to the vast surprise of the boys. "Milk-sop!"

This voice made the boys gasp and quake. It was Injun Joe's! There was silence for some time. Then Joe said:

"What's any more dangerous than that job up yonder—but nothing's come of it."

"That's different. Away up the river so, and not another house about. 'Twon't ever be known that we tried, anyway, long as we didn't succeed."

"Well, what's more dangerous than coming here in the daytime?—anybody would suspicion us that saw us."

"I know that. But there wasn't any other place as handy after that fool of a job. I want to quit this shanty. I wanted to yesterday, only it wasn't any use trying to stir out of here, with those infernal

boys playing over there on the hill right in full view."

"Those infernal boys" quaked again under the inspiration of this remark, and thought how lucky it was that they had remembered it was Friday and concluded to wait a day. They wished in their hearts they had waited a year. The two men got out some food and made a luncheon. After a long and thoughtful silence, Injun Joe said:

"Look here, lad, you go back up the river where you belong. Wait there till you hear from me. I'll take the chances on dropping into this town just once more, for a look. We'll do that 'dangerous' job after I've spied around a little and think things look well for it. Then for Texas! We'll leg it together!"

This was satisfactory. Both men presently fell to yawning, and Injun Joe said:

"I'm dead for sleep! It's your turn to watch."

He curled down in the weeds and soon began to snore. His comrade stirred him once or twice, and he became quiet. Presently the watcher began to nod; his head drooped lower and lower; both men began to snore now.

The boys drew a long grateful breath. Tom whispered—

"Now's our chance—come!"

Huck said: "I can't—I'd die if they was to wake."

Tom urged—Huck held back. At last Tom rose

slowly and softly, and started alone. But the first step he made wrung such a hideous creak from the crazy floor that he sank down almost dead with fright. He never made a second attempt. The boys lay there counting the dragging moments till it seemed to them that time must be done and eternity growing grey; and then they were grateful to note that at last the sun was setting.

Now one snore ceased. Injun Joe sat up, stared around—smiled grimly upon his comrade, whose head was drooping upon his knees—stirred him up with his foot and said—

“Here! You’re a watchman, ain’t you!”

“All right, though—nothing’s happened.”

“My! Have I been asleep?”

“Oh, partly, partly. Nearly time for us to be moving, pard. What’ll we do with what little swag we’ve got left?”

“I don’t know—leave it here as we’ve always done, I reckon. No use to take it away till we start south. Six hundred and fifty in silver’s something to carry.”

“Well—all right—it won’t matter to come here again.”

“No—but I’d say come in the night as we used to do—it’s better.”

“Yes, but look here; it may be a good while before I get the right chance at that job; accidents might happen, ’taint in such a very good place; we’ll just regularly bury it—and bury it deep.

"Good idea," said the comrade, who walked across the room, knelt down, raised one of the rearward hearthstones and took out a bag that jingled pleasantly. He subtracted from it twenty or thirty dollars for himself and as much for Injun Joe, and passed the bag to the latter, who was on his knees in the corner, now, digging with his bowie-knife.

The boys forgot all their fears, all their miseries in an instant. With gloating eyes they watched every movement. Luck! the splendour of it was beyond all imagination! Six hundred dollars was money enough to make half a dozen boys rich! Here was treasure-hunting under the happiest auspices—there would not be any bothersome uncertainty as to where to dig. They nudged each other every moment—eloquent nudges and easily understood, for they simply meant, "Oh, but ain't you glad now we're here!"

Joe's knife struck upon something.

"Hello!" said he.

"What is it?" said his comrade.

"Half-rotten plank—no, it's a box, I believe. Here, bear a hand, and we'll see what it's here for. Never mind, I've broke a hole."

He reached his hand in and drew it out.

"Man, it's money!"

The two men examined the handful of coins. They were gold. The boys above were as excited as themselves, and as delighted.

Joe's comrade said:

"We'll make quick work of this. There's an old rusty pick over amongst the weeds in the corner, the other side of the fireplace—I saw it a minute ago."

He ran and brought the boys' pick and shovel. Injun Joe took the pick, looked it over critically, shook his head, muttered something to himself, and then began to use it.

The box was soon unearthed. It was not very large; it was iron-bound and had been very strong before the slow years had injured it. The men contemplated the treasure awhile in blissful silence.

"Pard, there's thousands of dollars here," said Injun Joe.

"'Twas always said that Murrel's gang used around here one summer," the stranger observed.

"I know it," said Injun Joe; "and this looks like it, I should say."

"Now you won't need to do that job."

The half-breed frowned. Said he:

"You don't know me. Least you don't know all about that thing. 'Tain't robbery, altogether—it's revenge!" and a wicked light flamed in his eyes. "I'll need your help in it. When it's finished—then, Texas. Go home to your Nance and your kids, and stand by till you hear from me."

"Well, if you say so. What'll we do with this—bury it again?"

"Yes" [ravishing delight overhead]. "No! by the great Sashem, no!" [profound distress overhead]. "I'd nearly forgot. That pick had fresh earth on it!" [The boys were sick with terror in a moment.] "What business has a pick and a shovel here? What business with fresh earth on them? Who brought them here—and where are they gone? Have you heard anybody?—seen anybody? What! bury it again and leave them to come and see the ground disturbed? Not exactly—not exactly. We'll take it to my den."

"Why, of course! Might have thought of that before. You mean number one?"

"No—number two—under the cross. The other place is bad—too common."

"All right. It's nearly dark enough to start."

Injun Joe got up and went about from window to window, cautiously peeping out. Presently he said:

"Who could have brought those tools here? Do you reckon they can be upstairs?"

The boys' breath forsook them. Injun Joe put his hand on his knife, halted a moment, undecided and then turned towards the stairway. The boys thought of the closet, but their strength was gone. The steps came creaking up the stairs—the intolerable distress of the situation woke the stricken resolution of the lads—they were about to spring for the closet, when there was a crash of rotten timbers, and Injun Joe landed on the ground amid

the debris of the ruined stairway. He gathered himself up cursing, and his comrade said :

"Now what's the use of all that? If it's anybody, and they're up there, let them stay there—who cares? If they want to jump down, now, and get into trouble, who objects? It will be dark in fifteen minutes—and then let them follow us if they want to ; I'm willing. In my opinion, whoever hove those things in here caught a sight of us, and took us for ghosts or devils or something. I'll bet they're running yet."

Joe grumbled awhile ; then he agreed with his friend that what daylight was left ought to be economised in getting things ready for leaving. Shortly afterwards they slipped out of the house in the deepening twilight, and moved towards the river with their precious box.

Tom and Hück rose up, weak but vastly relieved, and stared after them through the chinks between the logs of the house. Follow? Not they—they were content to reach the ground again without broken necks, and take the townward track over the hill. They did not talk much, they were too much absorbed in hating themselves—hating the ill-luck that made them take the spade and the pick there. But for that, Injun Joe never would have suspected. He would have hidden the silver with the gold to wait there till his "revenge" was satisfied, and then he would have had the misfortune to find that money turn up missing. Bitter,

bitter luck that the tools were ever brought there ! They resolved to keep a look-out for that Spaniard when he should come to town spying out for chances to do his revengeful job, and follow him to " number two," wherever that might be. Then a ghastly thought occurred to Tom :

" Revenge ? What if he means *us*, Huck ! "

" Oh, don't," said Huck, nearly fainting.

They talked it all over, and as they entered town they agreed to believe that he might possibly mean somebody else—at least that he might at least mean nobody but Tom, since only Tom had testified.

Very, very small comfort it was to Tom to be alone in danger ! Company would be a palpable improvement, he thought.

Tom Sawyer was written by SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS, better known by his pen-name, MARK TWAIN, which means, " By the mark, two fathoms," a well-known cry on the Mississippi boats. He was born in 1835 in the United States in Missouri. When he was but twelve years old, his father died, and he had to obtain a living as best he could. At first a printer, he afterwards became a pilot on the Mississippi, but the Civil War of 1861 put an end to his occupation. After various enterprises he began to write and in 1867 was sent by a newspaper on a tour of the Mediterranean. His experiences were described with quaint humour in *The Innocents Abroad*, and other travels in later years were used for *A Tramp Abroad*, and *More Tramps Abroad*. *Tom Sawyer* appeared in

1875 and is based on his own experiences and those of his school friends. *Huckleberry Finn*, the sequel, equally delightful, was not published till 1884. *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* has been adapted as a film. Like Sir Walter Scott he suffered by the bankruptcy of a publishing firm in which he was a partner, but he cleared off his debts in a few years. *Pudd'nhead Wilson* is the most successful of his other novels, but much of his humour appears in the form of short stories and sketches, for example, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog*, and *The Stolen White Elephant*. He died in 1910.

XIV

TREASURE ISLAND

WHEN young Jim Hawkins found the chart showing Captain Flint's buried treasure, he took it to Doctor Livesey and Squire Trelawney, who chartered the *Hispaniola* and set sail to find the treasure. But the crew had been chosen by Long John Silver, Flint's quartermaster, notwithstanding Captain Smollett's suspicions, and during the voyage Jim, the cabin-boy, overheard Silver and Israel Hands, the coxswain, plotting to seize the ship and kill the owners. On arrival at Treasure Island, most of the crew went ashore with Silver; the Squire's party also succeeded in reaching land and in taking refuge in a stockade. Meanwhile Jim had discovered Ben Gunn, one of Flint's men, who had been marooned there three years previously. An attack by the pirates on the stockade caused casualties on both sides; then Jim left the stockade and, in Gunn's boat, reached the *Hispaniola*. On board were Hands and O'Brien, so Jim cut the cables, and, when later he clambered on board, he found that Hands, badly wounded, had killed O'Brien in a drunken quarrel.

The rest of the story tells how Silver saved Jim from the surviving pirates, how Ben Gunn had removed the treasure, how the pirates, using the useless chart that the doctor had given them, found the empty hiding-place, how the squire and the doctor and Jim and Silver sailed away with the treasure, and how Silver ran off with a sack of coin and was never heard of again.

ISRAEL HAND

THE wind, serving us to a desire, now hauled into the west. We could run so much the easier from the north-east corner of the island to the mouth of the North Inlet. Only, as we had no power to anchor, and dared not beach her till the tide had flowed a good deal farther, time hung on our hands. The coxswain told me how to lay the ship to; after a good many trials I succeeded, and we both sat in silence, over another meal.

"Cap'n," said he at length, with that same uncomfortable smile, "here's my old shipmate, O'Brien; s'pose you was to heave him overboard. I ain't partic'lar as a rule, and I don't take no blame for settling his hash; but I don't reckon him ornamental now, do you?"

"I'm not strong enough, and I don't like the job; and there he lies, for me," said I.

"This here's an unlucky ship—this *Hispaniola*, Jim," he went on, blinking. "There's a power of men been killed in this *Hispaniola*—a sight o' poor seamen dead and gone since you and me took ship to Bristol. I never seen sich dirty luck, not I. There was this here O'Brien, now—he's dead, ain't he? Well, now, I'm no scholar, and you're a lad as can read and figure; and to

put it straight, do you take it as a dead man is dead for good, or do he come alive again ? ”

“ You can kill the body, Mr. Hands, but not the spirit ; you must know that already,” I replied. “ O’Brien there is in another world, and maybe watching us.”

“ Ah ! ” says he. “ Well, that’s unfort’nate—appears as if killing parties was a waste of time. Howsomever, sperrits don’t reckon for much, by what I’ve seen. I’ll chance it with the sperrits, Jim. And now, you’ve spoke up free, and I’ll take it kind if you’d step down into that there cabin and get me a—well, a—shiver my timbers ! I can’t hit the name on’t ; well, you get me a bottle of wine, Jim—this here brandy’s too strong for my head.”

Now, the coxswain’s hesitation seemed to be unnatural ; and as for the notion of his preferring wine to brandy, I entirely disbelieved it. The whole story was a pretext. He wanted me to leave the deck—so much was plain ; but with what purpose I could in no way imagine. His eyes never met mine ; they kept wandering to and fro, up and down, now with a look to the sky, now with a flitting glance upon the dead O’Brien. All the time he kept smiling, and putting his tongue out in the most guilty, embarrassed manner, so that a child could have told that he was bent on some deception. I was prompt with my answer, however, for I saw where my advantage lay ;

and that with a fellow so densely stupid I could easily conceal my suspicions to the end.

"Some wine?" I said. "Far better. Will you have white or red?"

"Well, I reckon it's about the blessed same to me, shipmate," he replied; "so it's strong, and plenty of it, what's the odds?"

"All right," I answered. "I'll bring you port, Mr. Hands. But I'll have to dig for it."

With that I scuttled down the companion with all the noise I could, slipped off my shoes, ran quietly along the sparred gallery, mounted the forecastle ladder, and popped my head out of the fore companion. I knew he would not expect to see me there; yet I took every precaution possible; and certainly the worst of my suspicions proved too true.

He had risen from his position to his hands and knees; and, though his leg obviously hurt him pretty sharply when he moved—for I could hear him stifle a groan—yet it was at a good, rattling rate that he trailed himself across the deck. In half a minute he had reached the port scuppers, and picked, out of a coil of rope, a long knife, or rather a short dirk, discoloured to the hilt with blood. He looked upon it for a moment, thrusting forth his under jaw, tried the point upon his hand, and then, hastily concealing it in the bosom of his jacket, trundled back again into his old place against the bulwark.

That was all that I required to know. Israel could move about ; he was now armed ; and if he had been at so much trouble to get rid of me, it was plain that I was meant to be the victim. What he would do afterwards—whether he would try to crawl right across the island from North Inlet to the camp among the swamps, or whether he would fire Long Tom, trusting that his own comrades might come first to help him, was, of course, more than I could say.

Yet I felt sure that I could trust him in one point, since in that our interests jumped together, and that was in the disposition of the schooner. We both desired to have her stranded safe enough, in a sheltered place, and so that, when the time came, she could be got off again with as little labour and danger as might be ; and until that was done I considered that my life would certainly be spared.

While I was thus turning the business over in my mind, I had not been idle with my body. I had stolen back to the cabin, slipped once more into my shoes, and laid my hand at random on a bottle of wine, and now, with this for an excuse, I made my reappearance on the deck.

Hands lay as I had left him, all fallen together in a bundle, and with his eyelids lowered, as though he were too weak to bear the light. He looked up, however, at my coming, knocked the neck off the bottle, like a man who had done the same thing

often, and took a good swig, with his favourite toast of "Here's luck!" Then he lay quiet for a little, and then, pulling out a stick of tobacco, begged me to cut him a quid.

"Cut me a junk o' that," says he, "for I haven't no knife, and hardly strength enough, so be as I had. Ah, Jim, Jim, I reckon I've missed stays! Cut me a quid, as'll likely be the last, lad; for I'm for my long home, and no mistake."

"Well," said I, "I'll cut you some tobacco; but if I was you and thought myself so badly, I would go to my prayers, like a Christian man."

"Why?" said he. "Now, you tell me why."

"Why?" I cried. "You were asking me just now about the dead. You've broken your trust; you've lived in sin and lies and blood; there's a man you killed lying at your feet this moment; and you ask me why! For God's mercy, Mr. Hands, that's why."

I spoke with a little heat, thinking of the bloody dirk he had hidden in his pocket, and designed, in his ill thoughts, to end me with. He, for his part, took a great draught of the wine, and spoke with the most unusual solemnity.

"For thirty years," he said, "I've sailed the seas, and seen good and bad, better and worse, fair weather and foul, provisions running out, knives going, and what not. Well, now, I tell you, I never seen good come o' goodness yet. Him as strikes first is my fancy; dead men don't

bite ; them's my views—amen, so be it. And now, you look here," he added, suddenly changing his tone, " we've had about enough of this foolery. The tide's made good enough by now. You just take my orders, Cap'n Hawkins, and we'll sail slap in and be done with it."

All told, we had scarce two miles to run ; but the navigation was delicate, the entrance to this northern anchorage was not only narrow and shoal, but lay east and west, so that the schooner must be nicely handled to be got in. I think I was a good, prompt subaltern, and I am very sure that Hands was an excellent pilot ; for we went about and about, and dodged in, shaving the banks, with a certainty and a neatness that were a pleasure to behold.

Scarcely had we passed the heads before the land closed around us. The shores of North Inlet were as thickly wooded as those of the southern anchorage ; but the space was longer and narrower, and more like, what in truth it was, the estuary of a river. Right before us, at the southern end we saw the wreck of a ship in the last stages of dilapidation. It had been a great vessel of three masts, but had lain so long exposed to the injuries of the weather, that it was hung about with great webs of dripping seaweed, and on the deck of it shore bushes had taken root, and now flourished thick with flowers. It was a sad sight, but it showed us that the anchorage was calm.

"Now," said Hands, "look there; there's a pet bit for to beach a ship in. Fine flat sand, never a catspaw, trees all around of it and flowers a-blooming like a garding on that old ship."

"And once beached," I inquired, "how shall we get her off again?"

"Why, so," he replied; "you take a line ashore there on the other side at low water: take a turn about one o' them big pines; bring it back, take a turn around the capstan, and lie-to for the tide. Come high water, all hands take a pull upon the line, and off she comes as sweet as natur'. And now, boy, you stand by. We're near the bit now, and she's too much way on her. Starboard a little—so—steady—starboard—larboard a little—steady—steady!"

So he issued his commands, which I breathlessly obeyed; till, all of a sudden, he cried, "Now, my hearty, luff!" And I put the helm hard up, and the *Hispaniola* swung round rapidly, and ran stem on for the low wooded shore.

The excitement of these last manœuvres had somewhat interfered with the watch I had kept hitherto, sharply enough, upon the coxswain. Even then I was still so much interested, waiting for the ship to touch, that I had quite forgot the peril that hung over my head, and stood craning over the starboard bulwarks and watching the ripples spreading wide before the bows. I might have fallen without a struggle for my life, had

not a sudden disquietude seized upon me, and made me turn my head. Perhaps I had heard a creak, or seen his shadow moving with the tail of my eye; perhaps it was an instinct like a cat's; but, sure enough, when I looked round, there was Hands, already half-way towards me, with the dirk in his right hand.

We must both have cried out aloud when our eyes met; but while mine was the shrill cry of terror, his was a roar of fury like a charging bull's. At the same instant he threw himself forward, and I leapt sideways towards the bows. As I did so, I left hold of the tiller, which sprang sharp to leeward; and I think this saved my life, for it struck Hands across the chest, and stopped him, for the moment, dead.

Before he could recover, I was safe out of the corner where he had me trapped, with all the deck to dodge about. Just forward of the mainmast I stopped, drew a pistol from my pocket, took a cool aim, though he had already turned and was once more coming directly after me, and drew the trigger. The hammer fell, but there followed neither flash nor sound; the priming was useless with sea water. I cursed myself for my neglect. Why had not I, long before, reprimed and reloaded my only weapons? Then I should not have been, as now, a mere fleeing sheep before this butcher.

Wounded as he was, it was wonderful how fast

he could move, his grizzled hair tumbling over his face, and his face itself as red as a red ensign with his haste and fury. I had no time to try my other pistol, nor, indeed, much inclination, for I was sure it would be useless. One thing I saw plainly ; I must not simply retreat before him, or he would speedily hold me boxed into the bows, as a moment since he had so nearly boxed me in the stern. Once so caught, and nine or ten inches of the blood-stained dirk would be my last experience on this side of eternity. I placed my palms against the mainmast, which was of a goodish bigness, and waited, every nerve upon the stretch.

Seeing that I meant to dodge, he also paused ; and a moment or two passed in feints on his part, and corresponding movements upon mine. It was such a game as I had often played at home about the rocks of Black Hill Cove ; but never before, you may be sure, with such a wildly beating heart as now. Still, as I say, it was a boy's game, and I thought I could hold my own at it, against an elderly seaman with a wounded thigh. Indeed, my courage had begun to rise so high, that I allowed myself a few darting thoughts on what would be the end of the affair ; and while I saw certainly that I could spin it out for long, I saw no hope of any ultimate escape.

Well, while things stood thus, suddenly the *Hispaniola* struck, staggered, ground for an

instant in the sand, and then, swift as a blow, canted over to the port side, till the deck stood at an angle of forty-five degrees, and about a puncheon of water splashed into the scupper holes, and lay in a pool between the deck and bulwark.

We were both of us capsized in a second, and both of us rolled, almost together, into the scuppers ; the dead red-cap, with his arms still spread out, tumbling stiffly after us. So near were we, indeed, that my head came against the coxswain's foot with a crack that made my teeth rattle. Blow and all, I was the first afoot again ; for Hands had got involved with the dead body. The sudden canting of the ship had made the deck no place for running on ; I had to find some new way of escape, and that upon the instant, for my foe was almost touching me. Quick as thought I sprang into the mizzen shrouds, rattled up hand over hand, and did not draw a breath till I was seated on the cross-trees.

I had been saved by being prompt ; the dirk had struck not half a foot below me, as I pursued my upward flight ; and there stood Israel Hands, with his mouth open and his face upturned to mine, a perfect statue of surprise and disappointment.

Now that I had a moment to myself, I lost no time in changing the priming of my pistol, and then, having one ready for service, and to make assurance doubly sure, I proceeded to draw the

load of the other, and recharge it afresh from the beginning.

My new employment struck Hands all of a heap ; he began to see the dice going against him ; and after an obvious hesitation, he also hauled himself heavily into the shrouds, and, with the dirk in his teeth, began slowly and painfully to mount. It cost him no end of time and groans to haul his wounded leg behind him ; and I had quietly finished my arrangements before he was much more than a third of the way up. Then, with a pistol in either hand, I addressed him.

"One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll blow your brains out ! Dead men don't bite, you know," I added, with a chuckle.

He stopped instantly. I could see by the working of his face that he was trying to think, and the process was so slow and laborious that, in my new-found security, I laughed aloud. At last, with a swallow or two, he spoke, his face still wearing the same expression of extreme perplexity. In order to speak he had to take the dagger from his mouth, but, in all else, he remained unmoved.

"Jim," says he, "I reckon we're touled, you and me, and we'll have to sign articles. I'd have had you but for that there lurch ; but I don't have no luck, not I, and I reckon I'll have to strike, which comes hard, you see, for a master mariner to a ship's younker like you, Jim."

I was drinking in his words and smiling away,

as conceited as a cock upon a wall, when, all in a breath, back went his right hand, over his shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air: I felt a blow and then a sharp pang, and there I was pinned by the shoulder to the mast. In the horrid pain and surprise of the moment—I scarce can say it was by my own volition, and I am sure it was without a conscious aim—both my pistols went off, and both escaped out of my hands. They did not fall alone; with a choked cry, the coxswain loosed his grasp upon the shrouds, and plunged head first into the water.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born in Edinburgh in 1850. Too delicate to follow the family profession of engineering, he qualified as a lawyer but devoted his life to literature. Because of his poor health he lived much on the continent, and in 1879 travelled to America to marry. In 1887 he returned to America and next year visited the South Sea Islands, settling in Samoa in 1890 at Vailima, where, notwithstanding his wretched health, he developed into a kind of chieftain and was called by the natives, who loved him, Tusiāla. In 1894 a stroke of apoplexy ended his life, and he was buried by his Samoans on the top of a mountain peak.

Besides many graceful essays, charming records of travel, and delightful ballads and poems the author of *Treasure Island* wrote *Kidnapped* and its sequel, *Catriona*, romances of Scotland; *The Black Arrow*, a tale of the Wars of the Roses; *The New Arabian*

Nights, a series of fantastic stories ;. *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, a weird account of a man with two utterly contrasted personalities ; *The Master of Ballantrae*, a rather more sombre novel of 18th century Scotland and America ; and other tales. Also with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, he produced *The Wrong Box*, *The Wrecker*, and *The Ebb-Tide*. He left two novels unfinished, *Weir of Hermiston* and *St. Ives*, but the latter has been completed by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch.

